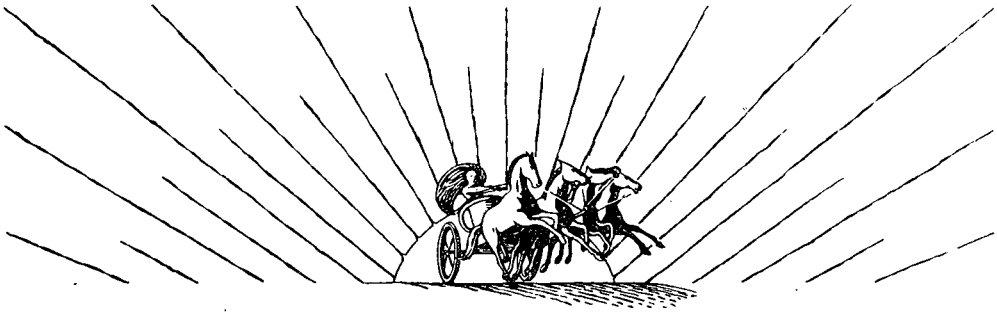

THE LIVING AGE

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

February 20, 1926

A FORGER PRINCE. Who is Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz? Give a brief account of his activities before he was convicted of forging French bank notes.

A REPUBLIC OF BANKERS. Who is J. L. Chastanet? On what sort of business did the French bankers depend before the War? How have the banks in France changed in recent years? Why does this 'Paris Correspondent' say that France is 'not so much a republic of bankers as a republic by grace of bankers?'

THE CLASSICS AND THE PLAIN MAN. Where, in Mr. Baldwin's opinion, did the great strength of the Roman Empire lie? What benefits does Mr. Baldwin believe he has gained from his knowledge of the classics?

OLD THEATRES FOR NEW. What is the one constructive innovation in theatre planning since the time of the Greeks? How does Mr. Bernard suggest doing away with the handicaps of a three-dimensional stage?

THE MACHINE DRAMA. Describe some of the chief peculiarities of the Machine Drama. On what theory is it based? Why does Mr. Fox believe that this new type of drama is inadequate?

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NEXT WEEK

ASIATIC NUMBER

JAPAN AMONG HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

By Baron K. Shidehara

Japan's foreign policy is a matter of the utmost delicacy. How does she feel about China, Russia, the United States, and Latin America? The Foreign Minister in Tokyo tells us.

THE CASE AGAINST CHINESE NATIONALISM

By a Veteran in the Far East

Chinese chauvinism and British imperialism do not get on well together, especially when the Far Eastern veteran happens to be a subject of King George.

A TURBANED PARLIAMENT AND A HOMESPUN SHAH

By Arnaldo Cipolla

More about Riza Khan Pahlavi, the self-decreed Shah of Persia, and his highbrow associates.

FOUR YEARS UNDER THE CRESCENT *By Roda Roda*

A soldier of fortune's story of the fighting in Asia Minor.

EAST AND WEST: THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE

By Mortimer Standing

The contrast between the religions of the Orient and the Occident is here discussed by a Roman Catholic who is familiar with both sides of the case.

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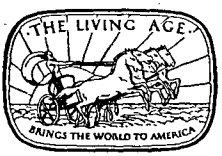
THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *FEBRUARY 20, 1926* — NO. 4259



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

TROUBLE IN TYROL

MUSSOLINI'S temperamental outburst against Germany in the Italian Parliament on account of that country's alleged aggressive intentions in Tyrol is the culmination of a strained situation that has existed since the Peace Treaty but that has been aggravated by a number of events during the past three months. It is a somewhat broader question than the present incident indicates, for it involves Switzerland, and also, though much more remotely, France.

In the first place, Italy has proceeded with a somewhat rough hand to Italianize the German-speaking Tyrolese transferred to her by the Treaty. Under the new educational law, the use of their native tongue in the public schools, which for the most part is guaranteed to minority nationalities under the Peace Treaty, is gradually being taken away from them. The Italian authorities naturally try to prevent the formation of societies designed to perpetuate Irredentism among the quarter of a million Germans in their annexed territorities. A royal decree has prescribed under heavy penalties that all families of Italian or Latin descent that have adopted German names shall resume Italian names and that all place names shall be Italianized. According to the German papers, the requirement as to family names applies also to those of pure German descent, and in fact it is almost impossible to distinguish between the two groups. Another measure greatly resented is the action of the Italian Government in refusing Tyrolese suspected of unfriendliness to the Italianization programme their right under the Peace Treaty to elect Italian citizenship, thus threatening them with the prospect of forcible deportation. These and similar measures have naturally begotten exaggerated reports north of the border of still other arbitrary acts. For example, a false rumor was circulated that the monument of Walther von der Vogelweide, the great Tyrolese Minnesinger, had been removed from Bolzano, and that the monument of the Empress Elizabeth at Meran had been mutilated or destroyed.

Last summer an unusual number of Italian peddlers entered Northern Ty-

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rol, which still belongs to Austria, and aroused the distrust of the already excited population. A report spread that they were Fascist spies sent to study the ground preliminary to an invasion by Mussolini's partisan bands. Some of them were perhaps political agents, for the Italians in their turn had conceived the idea that German Nationalists from Tyrol to Bavaria were organizing to recover the 'lost territories' south of the Brenner Pass. In any case, several arrests were made, and, although explanations satisfactory to both Governments appear to have cleared up these incidents, they left their seeds behind; and among measures of retaliation mooted in Germany is a tourist boycott of Italy and a campaign against the purchase of Italian goods.

In a large way, the Fascisti are the aggressors, although there are plenty of belligerant militants on the other side of the border. The Fascisti movement is also the more comprehensive. A very busy committee is said to be working in Milan under the supervision of Gabriel d'Annunzio 'for liberating North Tyrol and Ticino' — the Italian-speaking canton of Switzerland. This committee and its sympathizers are endeavoring to have Ticino children educated in Italy in order that they may grow up Italian patriots. They are said to be employing subsidized agents in Ticino to stir up hostility there against the German-Swiss cantons. This has naturally provoked a sharp reaction in Ticino itself, where a Pro-Ticino Union has been organized to fight Italy's agitation.

Here Italian ambition comes directly into conflict with French interests, for France cannot tolerate Switzerland's being reduced to a bilingual republic with a weakened Latin element. Moreover, France is already watching with distrustful eyes the growth of Italian annexationist sentiment on her own southeastern frontier, where the Italians under her own flag are already very numerous. On the other hand, a section of the French press, especially that leaning toward Fascism in France itself, stands with Italy in its controversy with Germany. Even as moderate a daily as *Le Temps* traces the present friction back to Italy's opposition to Germany's design of absorbing Austria. Italian Tyrol, it should be borne in mind, has four Members in the Italian Parliament, all of whom are German-speaking, German in sentiment, and anti-Fascist in politics. *Le Temps* points out that Italy's measures in Tyrol, ill-advised as they may be, only parallel Prussia's methods in her Polish-speaking territories before the war.

✽

ELECTRIFYING ENGLAND

MR. BALDWIN outlined the broad features of the bill that the Government proposes to introduce for the purpose of creating a superpower system in Great Britain, at a meeting of Conservative and Unionist associations held in Birmingham last January. The scheme, which is national in character, will take fourteen or fifteen years to carry out in full. It consists essentially in creating a network of trunk lines covering the United Kingdom, to which all public generating stations will perforce be tributary. At present there is no such unity of distribution. Moreover, the existing generating stations supply currents of many different frequencies, which cannot be interconnected. Such a task is as impossible as to connect geared wheels whose teeth have no relation to each other.

Consequently the first problem is to establish uniform current standards and to pool the nation's electrical energy. This work will not be done directly by the Government, but will be entrusted to an Electricity Board, which will be a private enterprise

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resembling the London Harbor Board, or the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board which controls and operates the big ship canal to Manchester. The Electricity Board will have extensive and compulsory powers to bring existing undertakings, whether municipally or privately owned, under its control. In other words, it will be a Government-fostered monopoly.

It is anticipated that as a result of this unified control the cost of electric current to consumers can be reduced to a fraction of the present rate. The generation of electricity will be centralized in huge stations, which, as Great Britain possesses few large water powers, will be mostly in the heart of the coal regions.

Commenting upon Mr. Baldwin's proposal, Sir Hugo Hirst, chairman and managing director of the General Electric Company of Great Britain, thinks the project one of the most important that have ever come before the British public. Most of the electric plants, when they were developed about thirty years ago, grew up within municipal frontiers. Economically the industry has long since burst these bounds. A national system will achieve manifold economies, the full extent of which it is impossible to measure. Electric current can be delivered into the common pool at less than a farthing a unit. Coal-mine areas can be grouped into new units and worked at far less cost than the present mines. Waste gas properly used will greatly cheapen electricity. The method of using coal now in use was characterized by Sir Hugo Hirst as 'barbarous.' 'In order to have a really cheap electrical supply, it is essential, by low-temperature carbonization or any other means, to secure from the coal its gas, tar, coke, smokeless fuel, and other by-products.' He predicted that pipe lines to supply gas derived as a by-product at the electric generating stations would be an adjunct of the new organization. With the introduction of electricity to the home and the farm as well as the factory, apparatus to employ it can be manufactured by mass production at a minimum cost.

*

RIVALS AT ROME

MUSSOLINI'S precarious health naturally stimulates constant speculation as to his successor. Commonly believed to be afflicted with a venereal taint and known to be suffering from duodenal ulcer, Italy's de facto ruler may be forced to relinquish the reins of the Government at any moment. Two heirs apparent are said to be rivals for his post — Luigi Federzoni, former Minister of the Colonies and present Minister of the Interior, and Roberto Farinacci, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party. Before the war the former was a talented journalist, but otherwise an obscure Member of Parliament, and a pronounced Republican. Subsequently he announced his conversion to the royalist faith, of which like many converts he is a more ardent champion than those born in that communion, and joined Mussolini's movement. His friends attributed to him a decisive rôle in the negotiations between the King and Mussolini during the critical hours following the march on Rome. But he is ranked as a moderate in his Party, and is by no means popular with its militant radical wing.

Farinacci, on the other hand, is the leader and idol of the militants. A former railway-man, a former Freemason, and an ex-Socialist, with so little education that he cannot write even his native tongue correctly, he has raised himself by pure force of character to the second place in the Party. His career affords sufficient

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analogies to that of Mussolini himself to give the two men numerous points of contact. While Federzoni is a Roman of the Romans, Farinacci first acquired national prominence as the Fascist *ras*—a term corresponding to 'cacique' in Latin America or 'sachem' in Tammany New York — of the province of Cremona, which he speedily made a stronghold of the movement. Federzoni is a man in the early sixties; Farinacci is only thirty-two years old. The rivalry between these two leaders, which is disguised in public under an affectation of the utmost friendliness, is essentially the rivalry between militant and revolutionary Italy on the one hand and bureaucratic and evolutionary Italy on the other. Federzoni, while less popular than his rival among the rank and file of the organized Fascisti, presumably has powerful supporters outside the Party as well as among its more moderate members. He is said to count on the sympathy of both the King and the Pope.

Farinacci recently attacked Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, with unwonted bitterness, accusing him of 'vulgar demagogy'; and even the more moderate Fascist press has charged the Cardinal with pursuing an independent course contrary to the Pope's own wishes and characterized by bitter dislike of Fascism. This caused the *Osservatore Romano*, the Papal organ, to print a letter from the Pope to the Cardinal affirming categorically that the latter was the authorized and faithful interpreter of the Pope's thoughts.

*

HARD TIMES IN PALESTINE?

Doctor Wolgang von Weisl, who is one of the most competent Near Eastern correspondents contributing to the German press, reports a psychological business-depression in Palestine. At the International Fair held at Tel Aviv last December the exhibitors complained without exception, 'No one is buying anything, and no one has any money; we are not clearing our expenses.' Poland is suffering from such acute financial distress that no funds are coming from that country, and remittances even from America are disappointing.

Nevertheless, according to this informant, objective evidences of hard times are not visible, although there has undoubtedly been a speculative setback. Tel Aviv itself was overboomed and is passing through the experience familiar in many boom towns in our own West after a period of inflated values. Moreover, the disturbances in Syria have unsettled business conditions. On the other hand, despite the large immigration, which has increased the Jewish population of Palestine by one third since the end of 1924, there is relatively little unemployment. This is largely due, of course, to the fact that 'the economic life of Jewish Palestine is approximately eighty per cent dependent on foreign countries' — that is, on the receipt of funds from Jews residing elsewhere and the constant inflow of immigrants bringing new capital with them from abroad.

Henry de Korab, a correspondent of *Le Matin*, writes in somewhat similar vein. Among the other worries of the resident Jewish population is the rumor that American Israelites are negotiating with the Soviet Government to start a rival national home for the Jews in Crimea. The selection of this district, which is certainly fitted by nature to be a delightful abode for any race, is justified by the odd historical argument that the Russian and Polish Jews are not true children of Abraham, but are descendants of the Turkish Khazars who inhabited Crimea in the Middle Ages and were converted to

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the Jewish faith and were driven out later by the Tatars. One worried real-estate investor in Tel Aviv observed to this correspondent: 'Crimea, you know, is a magnificent fertile country and a splendid trade-base for dealing with Russia and the whole Black Sea basin. It will prove a terrible competitor for us.'

A Jewish correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* adds further information regarding the colonization scheme in Crimea. There are at present nearly three million Jews in Soviet Russia and the Ukraine, two thirds of whom were petty traders and middlemen before the Revolution and find their old occupations abolished under the Communist régime. The Moscow authorities, recognizing this, have allotted over one million acres of agricultural land at various points in Southern Russia and the Caucasus for Jewish settlements, and have made an appropriation of about half a million dollars to assist settlers to start farming upon these tracts. The movement has been very popular with the Jews, who have rushed to acquire land and have proved far better farmers than was anticipated. Money to help along 'the colonies' is being raised in America, and although some opposition has developed from anti-Soviet sources, and from a certain faction of the Zionists who fear the new project will weaken the work in Palestine, a compromise has been effected whereby the settlements in South Russia are to be still further extended. This correspondent writes further: 'It is admitted everywhere that Palestine can at best take in not more than a million Jews, while there are three million Jews in Russia alone.'

✻

COMMENT ON THE HUNGARIAN FORGERIES

THE *Saturday Review*, in commenting upon the Hungarian forgeries, thinks it would be astonishing 'if a proud and warlike people such as the Magyars were not to make every effort to regain some of those territories over which they lorded it in the past. The inhabitants of the Little Entente States, including the Czechoslovaks, have not the culture of the Hungarians, who, indeed, took very good care before the war that this should be so. These new, or enlarged, States contain within their boundaries millions of foreigners, who are not to be appeased by minorities treaties designed to assure to them cultural and religious freedom. Hence we have, on the one hand, intense bitterness in Budapest, and, on the other, in Prague, Belgrade, and Bucharest, that intolerance which comes from fear.' At the same time, Hungary's neighbors are at swords' points with each other, as the recent Greco-Bulgarian frontier-dispute conspicuously proves. 'The Treaty of Neuilly places Bulgaria in a situation which, sooner or later, she must try to change by force unless she receives assistance from outside. Yugoslavia distrusts, and with reason, every Italian move, and Greece tries to convince Yugoslavia and Bulgaria of her strength by a policy of bombast and bluff.'

Commenting upon the Hungarian forgeries, the *New Statesman* says: 'Very likely the noblemen and gentry, as well as the servants, who composed the gang wanted money. But they also notoriously wanted something else, a king on the throne of Hungary, and it is impossible to disbelieve that "patriotism" was the main, if not the only, motive of Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz, the Chief of Police, the Bishop, the State officials, and the army officers who have been put under lock and key.' This journal then proceeds to cite three charges against the present Hungarian Government: it aims at restoring a king; it looks forward to the opportu-

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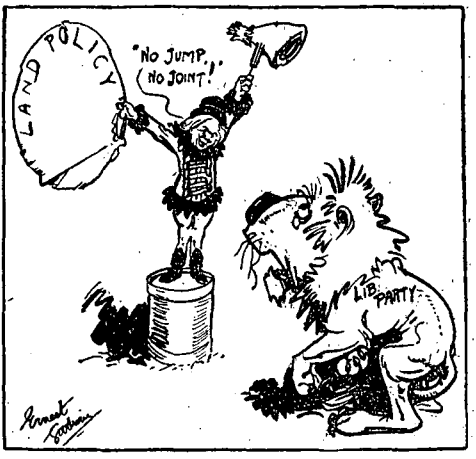
nity of violating the peace treaty and recovering its lost territories; and it employs Fascist methods of agitation, persecution, and corruption to support an oppressive rule and an inflammatory outlook abroad. The chief comfort to be derived from the episode is that the conspirators 'have certainly put Europe on the alert.'

Dr. Alexander Redlich, writing in *Vossische Zeitung*, explains that the Race Protectors in Hungary are almost Socialist in their tactical programme, demand radical reforms in the land system and in the tax laws, and are composed and officered by new men who have risen to prominence since the war. 'Socially they do not belong to the Right and they are not particularly interested in a monarchy, although they are champions of dictatorship.' On the other hand, the Conservatives and Monarchists who constitute the real Right, and some of whose leaders were likewise close to the forgery plotters, belong to the old aristocracy. Their alliance with the Race Protectors is more or less temporary and accidental. Dr. Redlich thinks it absurd to imagine that the forgers did not have a political purpose. The equivalent of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in American currency had been raised to finance the forgers' operations. The Cartographic Institute where the plates were made and printed is a Government establishment. Among those arrested as participants are a general, a colonel, a major, a Roman Catholic bishop, Cadravecz, the director of the Postal Savings Bank, and Gömbös, the president of the Race Protectors. Many or most of the men were members and officers of 'Right-Radical' organizations.

THE RUSSIAN-TURKISH TREATY

JOHN BULL. 'These barbarians don't seem to realize that it is I who am the world's original little peacemaker.' — *Die Rote Fahne*, Berlin

THE RELUCTANT LION



Lloyd George, who controls the Liberal campaign chest, making his Party jump.
— *Daily Herald*, London

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A FORGER PRINCE

THE MOST SENSATIONAL CRIME OF THE CENTURY

[THE sensational Hungarian plot, headed by Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz and high officials at Budapest, to forge French notes amounting, it is said, to half the note issue of the Bank of France, has occupied the front pages of the European press for several weeks. We print below a series of excerpts from books and newspaper articles dealing with the principal character in the conspiracy. The first is from Prince Windisch-Grätz's memoirs, *Vom roten zum schwarzen Prinzen;* the second is from Count Michael Karolyi's book entitled, *Gegen eine ganze Welt;* the third is by the Budapest correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, and appeared in that daily on January 10; and the fourth is an apology for the Prince written by Hofrat Julian Weiss of Budapest, and printed in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna on the same date.]

I

MY grandfather was Field-Marshal Alfred Windisch-Grätz, who crushed the revolution of 1848 at Vienna, Prague, and Budapest. My father was also a general. He fought in every one of our wars after 1848. He was one of the last soldiers of the old army. He also was a leading officer in the new army — an inspector-general. Nearly all of our commanders during the World War were trained by him — Conrad, Boreovic, Böhm-Ermolli Rohr, the Archdukes Friedrich and Eugen, and others. My mother was a Countess Dessewffy. Her father with Stephan Szechenyi founded the Academy of Science, and was leader of the Old Conservatives in Hungary. I wanted to go to sea. My father forbade it. That settled the question. I entered the military academy angrily and unwillingly and took up an active military career. I served for three years in the artillery at Krakow, my native city, where I was born on October 20, 1882. Then the Russo-Japanese War came along. General Hübner volunteered to make a study of the siege of Port Arthur. I went as his adjutant at my own expense. We spent two months in Peking. Port Arthur had fallen, so our mission came to naught. I personally requested to be detailed as military attaché with the Russian army. This was granted me on condition that I take upon myself all responsibility for reaching that army.

The Russian forces were already retiring behind Mukden. I had to get through the Japanese lines to reach them. Supplied with letters from an English liquor house, I smuggled myself through the Japanese lines as its agent and reached the Russian cavalry corps of Mishchenko at Fakumen. I was with these troops during the last phase of the campaign, and was captured near Mukden. The Japanese treated me very well and let me go. I left on a Norwegian freighter for Japan. We ran into a typhoon. The captain and I had ourselves chained to the bridge, and lived on champagne and coffee. We were stopped by Admiral Togo's fleet a few hours before he fought the battle of Tsushima.

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From Japan I went to the United States via Honolulu. I looked around the country a little, from top to bottom. In New York I fell into a den of thieves in a slum saloon and had to shoot a mulatto. As a consequence I spent the night in jail with prisoners and street women.

I have been an ardent hunter. I hunted lions in Africa twice. In Sudan I met Slatin Pasha. He spoke Arabic with a perfect Viennese accent. Finally I returned to Hungary and had myself transferred from the artillery to the Sixteenth Hussars. I also married Marie Szechenyi. During all these adventures my property had run through my fingers. I began to manage my estates. I owned big Tokay vineyards, and so I founded a stock company, recalled my experiences in Manchuria, and now and then worked as my own wine agent. In that way I restored my fortunes.

II

Early in the summer of 1918, Wekerle, who was then Premier, asked my attorney, Desider Polonyi, to call on him. He told him he wished his friendly assistance in a delicate affair that affected the public interest. The matter was this: Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz, Food Minister, had had a conversation with my wife a few days before at the Hotel Sacher in Vienna. She had incidentally told him on that occasion that they should stop persecuting me. Unless they did — if they kept on irritating me — I would make public a letter that the King had written to me, and raise a more disagreeable scandal than the Sixtus letter.

Windisch-Grätz had naturally informed the King, as well as Wekerle, of all this at once, in order to block my manœuvre. Wekerle, therefore, requested Polonyi to persuade me not to publish the letter mentioned, and instead to deliver it to himself or to the writer.

I was dumfounded. I had never received a letter from the King in all my life. Consequently it could never have occurred to me to speak about one. Inasmuch, however, as my wife was said to be a party to the matter, I called her at once and asked her what she had said to Prince Windisch-Grätz at Hotel Sacher. The whole story proved to be a pure fiction. My wife had, it is true, met Prince Windisch-Grätz in the lobby of Hotel Sacher, and they had conversed a moment in the presence of several of my wife's lady friends. The conversation limited itself to the Prince's greeting my wife and inquiring whether I was with her. My wife replied that I was in Vienna, but not at the hotel. Windisch-Grätz said good-bye and left. Several people had been present and had heard all that had passed between them; consequently there was no doubt as to the facts.

Polonyi immediately went back to the Premier to inform him of the situation and to learn what further he could about the matter. Imagine my attorney's surprise when Wekerle said: 'I have always known it. This Prince Windisch-Grätz is a rascal — a backbiter. He is all the time trying to get me into trouble with the King, but I never knew him to do anything as rank as this.'

On the same afternoon I went with my wife to the Food Ministry to call the Prince to account personally for what he had said. While I was trying to get him to confess to his contemptible lying, my wife sat in the waiting-room outside. Windisch-Grätz, who is a man without any moral courage, seemed utterly flabbergasted, talked like an embarrassed schoolboy, contradicted himself, and denied everything. He stammered that Wekerle

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had made up the story out of the whole cloth, that it was all Wekerle's work, that he, Windisch-Grätz, was as innocent as a newborn babe. He had not told any such story to Wekerle, but Wekerle had told it to him. He admitted that my wife had said nothing of the sort to him, and repeated insistently that he had said nothing more to Wekerle than that he had met Countess Karolyi.

Finally I asked my wife to come into the room. Windisch-Grätz was in the utmost confusion. He was clearly fearfully mortified at being caught in a lie. I told him plainly that Wekerle accused him of lying. As he flatly denied having said anything of the sort, I could not decide who was really responsible. But since I had been slandered and the affair had been brought to the King's attention, it was my duty to clear the matter up.

I now did this by addressing a memorandum to the King in which I told him frankly what Polonyi had reported to me from Wekerle and what Windisch-Grätz had said in his defense. I concluded the memorandum by leaving it to the King to decide which of his two responsible ministers had lied, Wekerle or Windisch-Grätz? No one but the King was competent to pass judgment in a case of that kind. Needless to say, this memorandum remained unanswered.

All the later slanders that Windisch-Grätz circulated against me were equally unfounded. He asserted, among other things, that I received money from France during the war to organize a defeatist movement in Hungary. That incredible canard was promptly denied by every Frenchman whom Windisch-Grätz had been indiscreet enough to connect with the affair. Theodor Batthyanyi, President of the Independent and of the 1848 Party, personally asked Clemenceau to inform him as to the truth of the Windisch-Grätz story. Clemenceau sent Batthyanyi on August 4, 1921, this laconic telegram in reply: 'I never uttered any of the words that Prince Windisch-Grätz attributes to me.' (*Je n'ai prononcé aucune des paroles que m'attribue Prince Windisch-Grätz.*)

III

Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz was once as rich as a fairy prince, for he was the heir of Prince Alfred Windisch-Grätz, President of the Austrian House of Peers, whose huge estates and forests came to him when the son of Prince Alfred committed suicide in Rome. Furthermore, he was aristocratic, generous, liberal, young, and engaging, as an ideal prince should be. He belonged to a family that ranked 'equal in birth' with the Hapsburgs themselves. His father had been a general, and his grandfather was 'the Field-Marshal of the Reaction' in the war of 1848.

Prince Ludwig himself had fought as a volunteer in the Servo-Bulgarian and the Russo-Japanese Wars, risking his life with such foolhardiness that even the Minister of War had to intervene. At the time of the Bosnian occupation he was sent to Serbia at his own request, to learn the state of sentiment there. Disguised as a waiter, he worked at a café in Nish and later at a café in Belgrade, having read somewhere in a detective story that spies of the General Staff found this the best way to obtain information.

The young Prince's craving for self-advertisement was already marked. He also sedulously courted men who were in royal favor, and kept himself in the spotlight as much as possible. In fact, these qualities were so marked that he was nicknamed 'Prince Indiscreet.' But nevertheless he took a big bite out of the apple of knowledge. Favored by his relative Count An-

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drassy, he succeeded, after several defeats, in getting into Parliament, where he was regarded as an amiable but unreliable, pushing, and easily influenced sort of man.

Here he became for a time a supporter of Count Michael Karolyi, although he had previously been inclined to favor Count Stephan Tisza. Although everyone knew that he was a man of very limited ability, fortune finally favored him. Count Hadik, Food Minister in Wekerle's Cabinet, had not been able to satisfy the army in the matter of provisioning. He was glad to turn over his job to Prince Windisch-Grätz, who had won the good graces of Emperor Charles. In this way the young Member of Parliament suddenly and unexpectedly attained Cabinet honors; for shrewd old Wekerle, though he knew quite well the Prince's limitations and failings, saw that he might be able to relieve the tension that had grown up in the course of the war between Vienna and Budapest, on account of his high family connections in both countries and his ingratiating social manners.

Prince Ludwig did, as a fact, succeed in getting more wheat and more lard for the army. Evidently influenced by his Austrian friends, he helped to bring about Wekerle's overthrow, and he won the complete confidence of Emperor Charles, whose peace ideas he espoused as enthusiastically as he had those of the bitter-enders a short time before.

At that time Prince Windisch-Grätz bombarded the Vienna court with memoranda recommending the reorganization of the monarchy upon a new basis. Charles agreed with him, but after consulting his advisers in Austria and Hungary, and perhaps conscious also of his own weakness, the monarch gave up this idea as well as that of appointing Prince Windisch-Grätz Prime Minister. Meanwhile the war was lost. Prince Windisch-Grätz protected at Vienna the property of the refugee Emperor in Switzerland, and managed to take to him there a trunk full of gold coin, and, with the assistance of Count Berchtold, a large share of the Hapsburg jewels. But the Prince managed the sale of the latter so unskillfully that the Kaiser got a ridiculously small sum for them; and a hanger-on of the court managed to abscond with a greater part of that.

Similar misfortunes attended the Prince's private business-ventures. While he was courting men of power and influence in order to get ahead in political life, he was also constantly involved in financial and business deals in order to supplement the income from his estates in Hungary and Bohemia, which he no longer found sufficient. But a large loan that he negotiated in Paris for Austria through his international connections there was taken out of his hands at the last moment by a shrewd banking-intrigue in Vienna.

Neither did a garage and freighting company which he founded prosper until the Prince, who imagined himself a shrewd business man, turned it over to someone else. Quite recently it was reported in financial circles that several millions had been raised to help him finance still another new business-venture, but he ultimately refused the offer, alleging that he could procure the money from other sources.

The Prince's expensive habits cost him huge sums. His losses on the race-course and at the gambling-table were enormous. So even though his friends gave him financial assistance, he was obliged to encumber his estates, which could not be alienated, with heavy mortgages, and his affairs rapidly went from bad to worse. This evidently drove him to engage in risky political

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schemes and to seek to realize his ambitions at any cost.

We know what those ambitions were. All his life he has been changeable and irresolute, but full of grandiose plans, which his family encouraged. Easily influenced and accessible to everybody, he had gradually swung over of late from his former loyalty to the 'legitimate' cause of the ex-Emperor's family and had taken up with the Awakening Hungarians and 'Race-Protectors,' with their peculiar conception of the monarchy. He thought they were going to be the winning Party, and apparently let himself be convinced that he was the man chosen by Destiny to lead them.

The Prince was known to have approved the plot for forging Czech bank notes two years ago. He was set on getting back his estates in Czechoslovakia, which had been nationalized by the Government. With this in view, he tried to become a citizen of that country, and as a last resort adopted a twelve-year son of the present possessor of the Czech titles, Prince Adolf Windisch-Grätz, in order that his descendants at least might have a claim to this property.

Count Bethelin, the Prime Minister of Hungary, told a few confidential friends the other day that never, even during his five difficult years as head of the Government, had he imagined that he would have to face such a noisome scandal as this. We may hope, however, that even in a country like Hungary, where apparently anything is possible, plotting and intrigue have reached their limit. Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz, scarcely forty-three years old, whose wife is a member of the great Szechenyi family, who is a former minister of the State, who has been a privy councilor, a member of the Upper House, and a bosom friend of the Emperor, now stands self-convicted, a confessed forger.

IV

When the prison warden, become a philosopher through long experience, locked the door of the cell of Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz, the forger, he might well have repeated to himself the words of the operetta: 'A fine prison! A minister goes out and a prince comes in. Truly the world has never seen the like.'

And undoubtedly all the world is now repeating the last sentence in connection with Hungary. No one would have thought it possible that a prince, a Windisch-Grätz, and least of all this particular Prince Windisch-Grätz, could fall so low. That is probably the reason why his name is in everybody's mouth and his accomplices, despite their eminent position, are almost forgotten. The people of Budapest follow with strained interest and ill-suppressed excitement — yes, with a hatred spiced with pleasure — the history of this scandal and its unsparing revelation of the weakness and the fall of a poor sinner.

The men who condemn him, who insist upon his punishment, who hasten to cast the first stone at him, are in many cases the very companions who flattered and fawned upon him in his days of power and prosperity, who profited by his weaknesses, and who share the responsibility for his ruin. Those who blame Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz because he was deaf to their counsels, because he repaid honest service with ingratitude, because he was frivolous, childish, self-opinionated, and unreliable even when he was rapidly climbing the ladder of success where friendly fortune had already given him such a start, — that is, the people who knew him with all his faults and failings, — will judge him more harshly even than his old-time enemies; but they will also feel a pang of pity for him.

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For is it possible to refuse at least a mite of sympathy for this spoiled, babied son of a princely house, whose valet always pulled off his stockings for him, whose body-servant Thomas accompanied him everywhere, even into the midst of battle, and on two occasions saved his life? This old body-servant worships the Prince. He speaks of him, as did all of the latter's friends, as Prinzi. He looks upon him as the model of perfection. And who knows whether he is not thinking today that it would have been far better for his master to have died upon the battlefield?

It was astonishing with what solicitude and love this favorite of fortune was surrounded. His father and mother regarded him as the hope of the House of Windisch-Grätz, and when his mother in the last days of her life talked about her son's political success the tears would stream down her cheeks. She knew her child's weaknesses; she often begged her old friends to refrain from flattering him, to keep him in the straight path. But she was a mother, and only too glad to be deceived. But his two sisters likewise adored him, and all the world loved him. It was quite incredible how this flighty, dissolute, irresponsible man, who fluttered from pleasure to pleasure and neglected for them the most important duties, who made promises and did not keep them, who swore oaths with tears in his eyes and the next day forgot them, should have friends who even when he deceived and betrayed them cherished no resentment against him.

Prince Windisch-Grätz traveled all over the world. He mingled in the highest social circles. He was everywhere a welcome guest. But at the same time he had a certain morbid curiosity that made him plunge into the depths of the social mire. He seemed to want to know humanity even in its utmost degradation. He was a familiar figure in all the shady places of entertainment at Budapest, in the slum cafés of Vienna, in the cabarets of Montmartre, in London East End pubs, even in the tea-houses of Tokyo and the barrooms of New York. Whatever there was of experience in the world he sought to share. He fought as a volunteer in almost every war of the last decade, and often distinguished himself by personal bravery. He was a passionate hunter, a brilliant swordsman, a splendid rider. But this life broke him down, wrecked him body and soul. He often reminded me of Dostoevskii's Dimitri, of that frivolous, impulsive, capricious, irresponsible Karamasov, ready to plunge into any adventure, whose friends forgave him when he broke his word, whom women pardoned when he betrayed them, whom everybody treated as tenderly as a child who knows not what he does.

But it was fatal for this sensitive, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent man to be surrounded with consideration, kindness, love, and admiration. As a boy he did not like to study, and so he was allowed to pass his time in idleness. Governesses and tutors taught him a smattering of languages; he learned to converse in Hungarian, German, English, and French, though he did not know any of these well. He chattered a great deal, but he said little. He gossiped, but there was no substance to his conversation. This superficiality, this skimming over subjects, this lack of concentration, which prevented his mastering any single topic, made him no enemies. Quite the contrary. The people with whom he associated cared only for his amiability and good manners. As he seldom thought for himself, he readily borrowed the thoughts of others. He was easily influenced both in good and in bad directions.

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One passion, however, did dominate this man's life. That was ambition. He wanted to shine. He wanted to make the name of Windisch-Grätz glorious. For that reason he tried his fortune in every field. He is what the Viennese aptly call a *Geschaftelhuber*. He aspired to be a soldier, a business man, an author, and a statesman; and he was always looking for somebody to help him in these careers, for he was conscious that he could not succeed on his own merits. So he got others to work for him. He was shoved forward and had himself shoved forward.

You often hear now that Prince Ludwig Windisch-Grätz bore on his face the stigmata of a degenerate. That is false, or greatly exaggerated. His head, to be sure, is unusually long and narrow, but his features are delicate, his brown eyes clear and bright, his mouth clean cut, his chin round, his whole face kindly and pleasant — though he owes that very largely to his stereotyped smile. He carries himself like an ex-officer. His slender, tall figure is straight and erect. His accent is unmistakably Austro-Hungarian — he would never be taken for an outright German. His manner also betrays a certain blasé noblesse, the careless elegance of a nobleman. Nevertheless, the business men, journalists, and politicians who were the Prince's usual associates liked him immensely, because he was fond of playing the democrat. He would walk arm in arm in public with common, very common, people. He grasped eagerly any new idea or suggestion, the more novel the better. This led him into many risky undertakings. He wanted to be rich and powerful. Of course, his hereditary estates were ample to enable him to live on the scale of a great nobleman; but he sought fame and millions, and this ambition was flattered by climbers and adventurers, through whom he hoped to get forward. Financial and political swindlers preyed upon him.

As long as he retained his respectable, serious-minded, disinterested friends, they kept him out of many shady enterprises. To be sure, his association with questionable characters often disgusted them, but he would readily admit his fault and promise to sever his bad connections. None the less, shady promoters inveigled him repeatedly into crazy transactions. He readily incurred debts, for it was made easy for him to do so. 'Real princes of parts never lack credit.' In this way he fell into the hands of usurers, and then tried to repair his fortunes by betting on the races and on cards. He lost huge sums in this way, and sank lower and lower, until now he languishes in prison a self-confessed forger; and the criminal judge will write the last act of his tragedy.

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A REPUBLIC OF BANKERS[1]

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT

'On March 6, 1924, the directors of the eight largest banks of France met in the reception room of François Marsal, at that time Minister of Finance. M. Poincaré's Treasury head was excessively polite to his guests; he had a flattering and attentive word for each of them. After the company was in the proper mood, the Minister said casually: "I am in a little difficulty. I need about seven hundred million francs to meet obligations that have fallen due. To put it more exactly, 695,861,000 francs. I have thought of you gentlemen. I know you will not refuse me this service. And when it comes to doing something for you in return, I shall be at your disposal. I still have Treasury bills." The directors present stared at each other understandingly. After exchanging glances, one of the gentlemen rose and said in their behalf: "Mr. Minister, you will have the money you need to-day. When the fatherland is in need we are at your service."'

I quote these words from the opening paragraphs of a book that has just appeared in Paris. Its author is J. L. Chastanet, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and its title is *La République des Banquiers*. Chastanet is one of the forty Socialist deputies who, by withholding their votes, recently prevented the overthrow of Briand's Cabinet. For four years he has fought courageously the usurpations and abuses of French banks and bankers. He has been an unwearied exposer of their various national and international Panamas. That is certainly a real and a courageous service. But is it not surprising that even this convinced Socialist, this bank-fighter, should, by withholding the veto of his ballot, have helped to make possible France's latest inflation of eight and one-half billion francs?

How shall we explain such contradictions? In truth, there is no contradiction. Chastanet's book and his long fight against the banks and the bankers were not inspired by his fundamental aversion to capitalism and love of socialism, but by middle-class sentiment. Even before the war, banks and bankers in France sometimes usurped political authority and were guilty of great abuses. They sought even in those days to get cabinet ministers into their power. They were able to prevent the enactment of regulations designed to prevent their acquiring undue influence in the government. But during the war, and above all since the war, they have gained such position and power that the French Republic is no longer a democratic republic, but a republic of bankers such as Chastanet describes.

Of course, France had a high finance before the war, which extended its operations far beyond the boundaries of the country, and even of Europe. But her banking capital had not grown in the usual way through trade investments and industrial investments into bankers' accumulations. To be

[1]From *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Conservative-Socialist daily), *December* 28

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sure, France had a very large trade, but before the war it moved through the same channels it had followed for almost a century, and instead of expanding into a world commerce it remained essentially traffic in domestic merchandise. France also had a wealthy, a very wealthy, manufacturing interest, but this was engaged almost exclusively in producing luxury goods and did not have the characteristic traits of big industry as we know it to-day, and it did not embrace a great iron and steel industry.

Thus France, which was transformed by its Revolution from a feudal to a petty bourgeois State, retained the latter character until the World War. Her banks did not build up their resources by colonial exploitation or by getting control of great industrial undertakings. Instead of that, their prosperity was based upon the deposits of a multitude of small savers, upon the *petite épargne* that for more than a century had been the nation's pride and strength. France's big financial institutions were reservoirs for collecting the modest savings of the masses and investing them in loans, many of which were placed abroad.

Founded as they were upon the small depositor, upon whom they were entirely dependent, the French banks occupied a peculiar position in the democratic State. They often tried to control the government, but until the World War they never succeeded. The democratic masses were instinctively hostile to high finance. This sentiment colored even the class struggle and acquired the sanctity of a tradition. Socialism was submerged in democracy. The defense of democracy was the main interest of the leaders of the proletariat in Parliament and in the press, and even of the rank and file of the workingmen themselves. How could it be otherwise? The habit of saving had struck root deeply into the working classes. Even to-day, although France's economic structure has been completely transformed during the last decade, great numbers of French wage-earners receive interest from investments and are not to be distinguished from members of the middle classes.

Meanwhile the whole character and structure of high finance in France has changed. It is no longer based upon small deposits. Its method and purpose are no longer to collect and to invest petty savings. Quite the contrary. Financiers have become the enemies of the very class that was formerly their support. Their huge war profits, and the even greater post-war profits, have made petty savings quite unnecessary for their purposes. Since the war has also given France new territories and a great iron and steel industry, they constitute another factor emancipating the financiers from their depositors.

Therefore, while commercial and industrial capital was thoroughly democratic before the war, because it ultimately belonged to the rank and file of the population, and even banking capital was in many respects democratic and ventured only diffidently to grasp for political power, conditions to-day are totally different. Banking capital has become absolutely independent. In conjunction with its natural ally, the capital invested in great industrial undertakings, it completely overshadows petty savings and the accumulations of small and middle-class investors. As a result it has become despotic, demands political power, and in fact will tolerate no rival for that power.

Consequently France is to-day not so much a republic of bankers as a republic by the grace of bankers. Let me illustrate what I mean by an actual incident, which occurred only a year

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later than the episode I described in the office of François Marsal.

M. Robineau, Governor of the Bank of France, enters the office of Premier Herriot. After a brief greeting, he says in a dictatorial voice: 'Mr. Premier, this can't go on any longer. I have exceeded the legally authorized emission of bank notes by several hundred million francs. I do not intend to violate the law for you any longer.'

Herriot tries his best to persuade M. Robineau. Impossible. Finally Herriot says: 'You did this for Millerand and for Poincaré. Why not for me? You surely know that we shall fix the thing up at once.'

But all Herriot's pleas are in vain; M. Robineau is inflexible. Finally Herriot asks one favor: 'Promise me, sir, that you will say nothing about this. In a few days I shall lay a bill authorizing an additional emission before the Chamber.'

The Governor nods a friendly assent and leaves the office. He goes directly to the Senate. In the lobbies he tells everyone he meets that Herriot has exceeded the bank-note emission authorized by law. Millerand and Poincaré's supporters hasten into the Senate Chamber. M. François Marsal, ex-Minister of Finance, questions with a great show of indignation M. Clementel, present Minister of Finance, who at that moment chances to occupy the Speaker's platform, as to the truth of this report. That gentleman has to admit the facts. Consequently Herriot and his Radical Cabinet fall, because the Governor of the Bank of France and a few of his financier associates refuse to consent to an operation that they had readily agreed to in case of Millerand and Poincaré, and of all the other premiers since the war, with whom they stood in hand and glove.

Since that time every cabinet has had to fall the moment the big bankers gave the word. That is no longer mere political influence; it is financial dictatorship.

THE CLASSICS AND THE PLAIN MAN[1]

BY STANLEY BALDWIN

[We print below the presidential address that the Prime Minister of Great Britain delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Classical Association at the Middle Temple Hall in London last January.]

The Classical Association flings its boundaries far and wide, embracing as it does the learned and the simple, the just and the unjust, the half-timers, the whole-timers, and the over-timers, the leisured, the wealthy, and the poor. All that is asked of a prospective member is that he should love the classics. Love does not necessarily imply comprehension, or which of us could say that he loved a woman? — but it does mean love of the beautiful, love of the best, love of the ideal. Such love is not rare, and it is well that those who have it should join together and gather strength and refreshment by such communion as the present. I can

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *January* 9

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speak of these things with understanding, for I am an original member of the association, and I well remember the pleasure with which I sent my first subscription from the depths of the country in which I was then living, and received in due course the annual volume of proceedings, together with the president's address for the year. It seems to me now, as it seemed to me then, that there could be no greater honor than to be invited to give the presidential address. It never occurred to me that that honor was to be mine. I certainly had no qualifications for it, nor indeed have I now. But I take heart from the thought that though the lamp of classical learning must be trimmed and kept burning by the scholars, yet the light which is diffused depends to some extent on the fuel, and that is provided by an army of plain folk with conviction and enthusiasm in their hearts.

I wonder how many of you remember your Eginhard? I have always had in mind a passage of his which I read forty years ago. Charlemagne was a statesman, but not a scholar. He acquired such knowledge of Latin that he used to repeat his prayers in that language as well as in his own. Greek he could understand better than he could pronounce. But he was an ardent admirer of the liberal arts, and greatly revered their professors, whom he promoted to high honors. He also tried to write, and used to keep his tablets and writing-book under the pillow of his couch that, when he had leisure, he might practise his hand in forming letters; but he made little progress in a task too long deferred and begun too late in life. *Absit omen!* And since I have alluded to the weakness of so great a man in his pronunciation of Greek, perhaps I may take advantage of this opportunity to seek on my own behalf your indulgence if, in the few Latin words that I may use hereafter, I pronounce Latin as it was taught to me fifty years ago.

Before I attempt to tell you what I conceive to be the debt of the ordinary man to the classics, may I, as one whose work has for many years past been given in the field of politics, pause a few moments to inquire what help our studies may bring to the ordinary man who is attempting the task of government. To be an Englishman, native of a country which was an integral part of the Roman Empire for a period as long as from the Reformation until this present night, and to be ignorant of the history of that Empire, is to be without that sense of perspective in viewing both the change of events and their day-to-day reactions which is essential to see our national life and to see it whole.

Sutor, ne supra crepidam may be true for the cobbler, but the statesman must endeavor, like the sculptor, to envisage the whole figure, and he must be steeped to the lips in the historical sense. It was not for nothing that Western Europe was forged on the anvil of Rome, and who can say how much we owe to those long years of Roman law, Roman discipline, Roman faith, and partnership in a common Empire? During the first four centuries of the present era Roman thought and Roman manners imposed themselves upon our island and made themselves a home here. Rome must have seemed very real and present to the children of the near-by hamlets, as they saw the great roads creeping toward them, past them, and ever onward in ruthless and undeviating course, making the farthest ends of the island pervious to the legion's tread. Shy traffickers coming from wild fastnesses, as they chanced upon a Roman highway and, shading their eyes with their hands, saw it pass into the horizon,

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must have been awed at the thought of the great heart that beat at the end of that giant artery. Beautiful buildings, kindly plants and flowers, now so familiar, came in the wake of the Eagles and sank their foundations and their roots in English soil. It may well be that subconscious memories of those days and the mingling of blood for four centuries played their part no less than the arrival of the Normans in modifying certain characteristics of our Teutonic invaders, and saved us from becoming what Carlyle called a 'gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations, lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence, and endurance, such as leads to the higher places of this universe and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn.'

Only a few short centuries before the age of Pericles, only a few short centuries after the fall of Troy, there was but a settlement of shepherds on the Palatine Hill. Yet within a thousand years the tramp of the Roman sentinel was heard along the Wall; his watch-fires illuminated the waters of Euphrates, the hand of Rome reached from the Biscay to the Euxine, from the Danube to the Nile. Here is the greatest, most fascinating problem in all history for the scholar and the statesman. Why did the Empire come into existence at all? And why, having come into existence, did it perish? Volumes have been written on the subject, and will continue to appear; but is it not allowed to the statesman, whose material is human nature, to dwell on one aspect of the story to the exclusion of others equally obvious and equally true? Surely the character of the Roman played as great a part in the rise of the Empire as his character played in the fall?

I can imagine no historian of the British Empire neglecting the study of the character of the Englishman as shown, for example, in the Elizabethan age, and through the period of the Rebellion. And to me the outstanding and peculiar strength of the Roman character lies in the words *pietas* and *gravitas*. These were the foundations of a patriotism which alone could carry the burden of Empire, a patriotism innate, a motive-force of incalculable power, yet something at its best so holy that it was never paraded, sought no reward, was taken for granted, and had no single word to express it. Bounded at first by the confines of the city, it differed from Greek patriotism in that it had in it the seeds of life and growth, and it expanded with the spread of the Roman name. Such patriotism is not unknown among us, and so long as it exists it will leaven much.

As has been well pointed out, the highest gifts devoted to public service were expected; to dedicate and employ them for the sake of the Republic was merely your duty. Aristides would not have been called the Just in Rome; and in what country in the Ancient World but Rome would a Fabricius have refused all rewards, or a Cincinnatus have returned to his farm? Again, a character founded on *pietas* and *gravitas* had its roots in truth, and I am proud to think that the English word has been held in no less honor than the Roman. It would be an interesting study to trace the changes in the Roman character which accompanied the social developments through the checkered history of the Empire. This is the happy task of the historian, and it must suffice for me in these few minutes to pause before certain salient facts.

It is from Ammian who wrote while the legions were leaving Britain that we learn that the Roman word could no longer be trusted. This is to me a

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far more significant portent than the aggregation of the population in cities, the immense luxury, and the exhaustion of the permanent sources of wealth, all of which combined to sap that very character whose continued existence was necessary for the life of the State. We hear through these later centuries cries with which we are only too familiar to-day, cries against the burden of armaments and the weight of taxation. But above and beyond these things, dangerous and symptomatic as they are, we detect a greater cause for anxiety. It would almost appear that the human stock is like the stock of fruit trees where the best kinds tend to work themselves out after many generations of useful and productive service. There were not enough Romans left to carry on the work of Rome. A gradual atrophy of intellectual energy and public spirit spread over the body politic, and the instinct of self-government was lost. There are fears among those who are responsible for government to-day — fears not yet gripping us by the throat, but taking grisly shape in the twilight — that the Great War, by the destruction of our best lives in such numbers, has not left enough of the breed to carry on the work of the Empire. Our task is hard enough, but it will be accomplished; yet who in Europe does not know that one more war in the West and the civilization of the ages will fall with as great a shock as that of Rome? She has left danger signals along the road; it is for us to read them.

And as we do so we may look, as she did, at another history. That Roman Empire of which we were once a part embraced all the countries occupied by people of Hellenic blood. Less in the direct historical succession, though more in the spiritual, the statesman has much to learn from Greece. Her history, as has often been pointed out, is one long failure to create an Empire. Her problem was nearer ours in kind than that of Rome, for her solution, had it been effected, would have resulted in a commonwealth of nations, rather than an empire on the Roman model. There was no experiment she did not try to win organic unity, but she was defeated by those very characteristics of intellect and temperament which raised her to such heights in poetry, art, and philosophy. Civic unity she could never achieve, and her attempts to weld together people of the blood were foiled on the very threshold.

Failure is in many ways a more potent teacher than success, and the tragedy of her history only throws into more radiant relief the debt we owe her in those arts wherein she was supreme. She spoke the last word in beauty of speech and of form. Her creations are the touchstone to-day, as they were two thousand years ago, and it is a comforting thought, in these days particularly, that whatever fails to pass this test must ultimately perish from among us as barbarous and exotic.

Here, perhaps, we may take two thoughts to heart which come to my mind as I try to look forward. Believing, as I do, that much of the civilization and culture of the world is bound up with the life of Western Europe, it is good for us to remember that we Western Europeans have been in historical times members together of a great Empire, and that we share in common, though in differing degrees, language, law, and tradition. That there should be wars between nations who learned their first lessons in citizenship from the same mother seems to me fratricidal insanity. It should rather be our endeavor to help ourselves and to help each other to recover those qualities of character so peculiar to the Romans, the *pietas*, the *gravitas*, and

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the truth of the spoken word. On such foundations alone can civilization be built; on such foundations alone can civilization stand.

But what of us, the *ultimi Britanni*, the youngest member of the great family? I like to feel that the fortune of the youngest son is ours. I like to picture the procession of the nations through the ages as a great relay race of heroes. Over a course infinitely hard, with little experience to guide her, Rome ran her mighty race, bearing her torch on high. Of those who came before, of those who followed after, none ran so far, none so surely. And when her course was run the torch came into other hands, who bore it forward, according to the strength and guidance that was in them, until, after many centuries, it was passed to us, the youngest son. Our race is not yet run. But we shall run more worthily as long as we base our lives on the stern virtues of the Roman character and take to ourselves the warnings that she left for our guidance.

Here I feel these modest reflections may well be brought to an end. I can imagine you saying: 'Well, there may be an element of truth in what you have said, but it is all rather jejune and secondhand. What we want to know is the impression the small amount of Latin and Greek which you possess has made upon you; what you think you have derived from it, whether you are in any way richer than you would have been had you been nursed on the loves of the triangles.' A perfectly fair question, and I will bid the statesman fly away, and the ordinary men to step forward.

Most of those whose real application to the classics came to an end with their school days will recall their early studies as being in so large a measure a struggle to acquire the form that the matter at the time impressed itself only secondarily on the mind. The strange words betrayed an obstinate angularity. No inflection was so minute that it could be disregarded without prejudice to sense; even their place in the puzzle was significant; and if in use they were roughly treated or jumbled together without due order they refused either to reflect things or to express ideas. But imperceptibly this intransigence disciplined the mind to realize that the words had a definite value. When rightly used, moreover, it seemed that these unworn words would give forth our thoughts, or express a meaning with a directness and immediacy lacking even in our own speech. Perhaps it is that many centuries have elapsed since those words were bandied about in everyday conversation, and hence they have a freshness and keenness of impression which no vulgar association has had the chance to blur. In our own time we have known the words which build up the most exquisite poem to be used in other contexts — to have provided a rime for a sentimental song or patter for a low comedian. It may be that when the trireme's rating in the Piræus found his rations short, or the centurion was jostled in the crowded byways of the Suburra, winged words used by Homer or Vergil were pressed into the service of each to become the vehicle of their complaint and abuse, and that these same words in their day had many a frivolous or debasing task to do. But none of this has reached our ears.

All the multitude of tongues which echoed in the Agora and Forum are hushed in silence and oblivion; and to listeners across the centuries, alone of all the sounds of ancient Greece and Rome, 'still are their pleasant voices, their nightingales awake.' Ruskin once said, 'all inferior poetry is an injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away

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the freshness of rimes, blunders upon, and gives a wretched commonality to good thoughts; and in general adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woeful and culpable manner.' But the literary works of Greece and Rome which have reached us come burdened with no such poor relations. The poets whose reciting in the month of August was such a plague to Juvenal and his contemporaries have not survived to weary us, and everything second-rate has long fallen by the way into the gap of centuries over which only an eternal merit has enabled the survivors to waft themselves.

Due again to the freshness of the words is another feature of the ancients' writing — its clarity and conciseness. It cannot fail to strike the merest beginner who tries to translate our tongue into Greek or Latin, or vice versa, in how much fewer words in the old languages the thought can be expressed. It is distressing to find ourselves saying in ten lines what the Roman said in five; but at least it may give rise in us to a conscious effort to tighten up the belt of our speech, when we see the sentences of the ancients clean-run like athletes and fit for their work as compared with the prolapsed and slovenly figures of so much of our own diction. Moreover, the ancients did not overelaborate their thought, being content to leave something to the mental processes of their readers. How different from so many of our English scribblers who seem to have taken to heart Wilde's dictum that 'nothing succeeds like excess,' and who swathe the thinnest of thoughts in a profusion of words in the hope, maybe, that it will appear larger from its wrappings. Even our great writers are sometimes too eager that nothing that can be said on the theme they take shall remain unsaid, or any germ remain undeveloped to which the reader's own mind might give increase; and they are apt so to run their thought to a standstill that no potentiality remains in it to set the reader's mind agog. Why do we all know about the beauty of Argive Helen? Not because Homer gave us a catalogue of her charms with exhaustive precision, but just because he gave a hint and left it to us. I think he says no more than that, as one day she passed upon the walls, the elders said it was no wonder that for such loveliness men should die and cities should be sacked. Her loveliness is left to each of us to envisage as we will, and thus it is that it lives afresh in a myriad forms, newborn throughout the centuries in each man's heart.

The literature in which peoples with such an outlook found entertainment and instruction was not composed of novels or problem plays, dealing with heroes and heroines struggling in the little traps that their own weakness had sprung for them, or with situations brought about by mean mistakes or obliquities of character. What was portrayed in the tragedies of the Greeks was nothing less than the human spirit at grips with the toils of destiny itself. As Seneca said, 'A strong man matched with fortune is a sight for the gods to witness.' For their characters and situations they had their beautiful mythology to draw on, and the materials which this provided eclipsed altogether the themes which ordinary everyday life could suggest. Always in these tragedies we are secure in the confidence that the characters will not prove unequal to the doom they have to bear. As it becomes more instant and inexorable, so their spirit becomes more indomitable to meet it, and it is never other than the mighty who are 'mightily laid low.' Whether it is a demigod like Prometheus or a man like Œdipus who is on the rack, whether their sacrifice to what they deem their

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duty is demanded of a wife like Alcestis or a young girl like Antigone, they show us one and all the spirit that is unperturbed by trial and undiverted by catastrophe. It may be said that this high bearing in trials so profound or so remote avails little to guide us among our practical daily perplexities; but surely the Greek tragedy, though not drawing on the smaller issues of life for its themes, shows how these should be faced by portraying to us the serene and the right spirit toward the ultimate issues.

If I may now strike a personal note, I think what I have gained from the classics is some sense of proportion, a standard of values, and a profound respect for the truth of words, which have been of use to me in my daily life. Add to these the perennial happiness I am fortunate enough to find in the sheer beauty of Latin and Greek, and the thousand images they call up in the mind, and I am indebted to my early training more than I can ever hope to repay. I remember well the first election I fought. It was what was called an old-fashioned election in an ancient borough now disfranchised. The candidate was expected to spend three evenings a week during the time of his probation in one or another of the public-houses which jostled each other through the constituency, listening to and vociferously applauding what, for want of a better name, was called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, a comic or humorous song. After a time I felt the need of a moral purge and a literal sedative. It was the work of a moment to find what my soul needed. When I came home at night from these orgies I seldom went to bed without reading something of the Odyssey, the Æneid, or the Odes of Horace. By the date of the election I had read all the last-named, and most of the others, not without labor in the dictionaries, not always with ease, but with care and increasing joy — and with the desired result that, though defeated, I had passed through the fire and the smell of burning was not on my garments.

Two years later, by my admission to the House of Commons at a by-election, I entered formally on political life. The possession of a sense of proportion, of a standard of values, and of the respect for the truth of words, proved an inestimable aid to political judgment. So far as I have had a sense of proportion it has helped me to assess the personal equation of the individuals, distinguished and undistinguished, who form the House of Commons. So far as I have acquired a standard of values, it has helped me to estimate speech and the written word, and has saved me many a time from bowing to the idols of the market place. So far as I have had respect for the truth of words, I have been helped to detect the fallacy and the equivocal phrase lurking in the tropical growth of oratory, and I have endeavored to use a speech plain and unambiguous. I have also been able to enjoy with unmixed pleasure the choice of words and the phrasing of those speakers who model themselves on the classical tradition. Without a rival in that style I should place one of the most distinguished members of this association, the Earl of Oxford. Among our great speakers we have those whose inspiration is obviously of Athens and those whose debt is to Rome. The Earl of Oxford is a Roman in his lucidity, in his phrasing, in his felicity. It requires but little stretch of imagination to picture him in the courts delivering a defense, shall we say 'Pro Georgio,' or, in its greatest day, addressing the Senate in a speech which, for its incisive and dexterous advocacy, its compact and pregnant sentences, would be the despair alike of the translator and the most experi-

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enced writer of Latin prose. And, let me add in a sentence, a political leader should know his Ἱππεῖς by heart, for there is no profounder truth than that the sausage-seller lies ever on the flank of Cleon.

But, over and above these qualities, which delight the intellect, there is the more subtle, deeper something which touches the heart and soul. The voices that speak to us across the death and rebirth of nations touch every emotion of each succeeding generation in these later days, as they touched those who had ears to hear in Athens and in Rome, but they reach us with the added solemnity and pathos that cling to remembered sayings of those we have loved and lost. Every ultimate problem was theirs, as it is ours, and the more you open your soul to their appeal, the more profound your pity for stumbling humanity, the more eager is your effort to bind together the family of man, rather than to loosen it. It is no blind chance that has led one of our greatest scholars to devote his life to the ideal of the League of Nations. Rather is it his desire to make his contribution to redeeming the failure of those very Greeks whom he — more, perhaps, than any living man — has helped this modern world to understand.

But we are linked together in the shallows no less than in the deeps. Need I quote *diffugere nives* to those whose first home was in the country? Is not everything in those lines — the passing of winter and the feathering out of the trees, the assurance of every spring in every world that ever was? How many a holiday and home-coming are recalled by the words:

> . . . *peregrino*
> *Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum*
> *Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.*

Have we not the eternal youth of the world in *dulce ridentem* and *gratus puellæ risus ab angulo?* A score of words, and we see our own childhood, our children's, and every generation from the beginning to the end of time. What memories such lines call up! They knock at the heart like the drum-taps of the Fifth Symphony. I have little more to add. If I have convinced you of my sincerity as a member of the association, I am happy. I may repeat to you, what I have said to my friends, that, when my work in politics is completed, I shall take down all my old companions from my shelves and work once more with dictionary and grammar. I have always kept the embers aglow that they may easily be blown into flame to warm my senile bones.

I remember many years ago standing on the terrace of a beautiful villa near Florence. It was a September evening, and the valley below was transfigured in the long horizontal rays of the declining sun. And then I heard a bell, such a bell as never was on land or sea, a bell whose every vibration found an echo in my innermost heart. I said to my hostess, 'That is the most beautiful bell I have ever heard.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'it is an English bell.' And so it was. For generations its sound had gone out over English fields giving the hours of work and prayer to English folk from the tower of an English abbey, and then came the Reformation, and some wise Italian bought the bell whose work at home was done, and sent it to the valley of the Arno, where after four centuries it stirred the heart of a wandering Englishman and made him sick for home. Thus the chance word of a Latin inscription, a line in the anthology, a phrase of Horace, or a 'chorus ending of Euripides' plucks at the heartstrings and stirs a thousand memories, memories subconscious and ancestral.

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ACROSS CAUCASIA ON A MOTOR-CYCLE[1]

BY DOCTOR G. STRATIL-SAUER

[THE author of this article, who is a young scientist and a member of the staff of the Leipzig Geographical Institute, after successfully making his way across Persia upon his motor-cycle, was attacked, apparently by a robber, on the highway between Jalalabad and Kabul in Afghanistan, where he shot an Afghan in self-defense. He was subsequently arrested in Kabul for this offense and thrown into prison on the charge of murder. The fate of the young Italian engineer, Piperno, who was hurriedly executed in Afghanistan under somewhat similar circumstances last year, has made the outcome of the incident a matter of deep concern in Germany.]

'Do you want to make an interesting trip? If so, go to Russia.'

'To the Bolsheviki!' you exclaim.

'Yes. Scale valiantly the Chinese wall that separates Russia from Europe, and in a few days you will acknowledge that I 'm right — that there is no more interesting place in the world to-day than boundless Russia, with its immeasurable faults — and prospects.'

I crossed in a short week a mere corner of that huge realm, from the Turkish border to the Persian-Russian frontier town of Julfa, but I got enough new impressions to fill a book.

In order to pass the Customs I had to make the trip from the Turkish town of Kars to Alexandropol, which is now called Leninakan, in the Turkish train that once a week carries eight or a dozen passengers over the border. We had scarcely reached Soviet territory in Armenia when a group of customs officials clambered on the train and searched it with extreme care. They overhauled every piece of luggage, felt of our shoes and clothing, went through the cars from top to bottom, tried all the windows and lamps, unloaded the wood and fuel, and even made the engineer open up parts of the locomotive so that they could inspect every crack and cranny of the old machine.

I roared with laughter at their zeal, but they merely said good-naturedly: 'Just peek into our office at Tamoschna. You 'll see there what these rascals try to put across on us.' And in fact the customs station did look like a bazaar, with quantities of woolen goods, linen goods, cotton goods, ladies' hosiery, fine shoes, perfumery, tea and tea and tea, tobacco boxes, photographic apparatus, shoe laces, paper, pencils, ink, and every imaginable kind of contraband, all of which had been seized from people who were trying to smuggle it in from Turkey. You can imagine what prices are in Russia, when there is profit in trying to run such merchandise across the border from a country like Turkey, where everything has to be imported and is already exceedingly dear.

At the customs office I waited to have my passport examined by the political police, the Cheka. When the official would not come, I propped my motor-cycle against a wall and hunted him up.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *January* 3

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'What books have you got?' was his first question.

'An explorer's manual and a book on the geology of Armenia.'

After carefully examining these and my bundle of maps, he said: 'And those?'

'*Faust* and the score of *Tristan*.'

The man stared at me for a moment with sharp, searching eyes, and then he remarked: 'You 've got my favorite books as your traveling companions. Come and stop with me.'

Leninakan, except for the change of name, was the same as ever — the shops, the street peddlers on the corners, the automobiles, and the beggars in the shade. I paid three rubles for a simple Russian cap. When I expressed my surprise at the price to an acquaintance, he asked: 'Have n't you done any trading?'

'Trading! In Russia?'

Improvements are going on, as they are everywhere in this country. A big park with busts of Marx and Lenin has been laid out. A large irrigation canal, really an imposing bit of engineering, had been completed shortly before my arrival; so the town at last has water and a sewage system. I saw schoolhouses under construction, and also a modern textile mill.

There is a story about this mill. Not long ago the Armenian and the Russian troops here held a sham battle in which the Russians came off a poor second best. But their soldiers were not inclined to accept their defeat, and wanted to fight it out with bullets and bayonets instead of blank cartridges. The incident created a tremendous uproar all over Armenia. Then of a sudden a telegram came from Moscow saying that the Soviet Government had decreed that the Armenian Republic should be given a new textile mill as a prize for winning the manœuvres. This is the mill.

I had excellent meals at a coöperative dining-room, but they were very dear. Many young folks, some of them scarcely sixteen years old, ate at this dining-room, paying cash for what they ordered. They were as much at home and as self-possessed as if they had lived in hotels all their lives. One guest who had had a little too much wine complained of the negligence of a waiter, who I thought for a moment would get a sound thrashing from the manager for his offense.

'How is your coöperative organized?' I asked an acquaintance.

'A number of people bought shares, and raised money that way to start the place.'

'And your profits?'

'Oh, they're distributed among the shareholders.'

'I see. A regular capitalist corporation.'

'Yes, if you want to call it so.'

One of the grandest motor-cycle rides of my life followed, over good roads, through the well-wooded landscape of the Caucasus. I let my machine coast down-grade for hours, and for hours chugged up endless serpentines to Gokcha Lake. This proved to be a long, dreary body of lead-colored water confined between sheer cliffs under a cloudy heaven. The only sign of habitation was a lonely Armenian cloister on a tiny island. I stopped my motor-cycle and called across: 'Hello!'

A monk shouted back: 'What do you want?'

'They say you have the best trout in the world here. I've come from a long distance, and should like to prove it.'

A few minutes later the monk put across in a rowboat and laughingly took me over.

At Erivan, the capital of the Armenian Republic, people stroll up and down during the cool of the evening, between nine and ten o'clock, and

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listen to music by an excellent band. Knowing nothing of the traffic rules, I rode straight into the promenading crowd, and was promptly arrested. The police let me go, however, as soon as they learned that I had just arrived from Germany, and directed me to my hotel. Quite a crowd followed. Ten minutes later I received calls from three newspaper reporters, two officials of a sports club, and several former soldiers who had been captured by our army and had worked as prisoners in Germany and Austria during the war. The latter wanted to talk German with me. The sportsmen invited me to their club headquarters the next evening, where they proposed to hold a little jollification in honor of my arrival.

There is one German lady in Erivan, married many years ago to an Armenian. She was anxious to get back to Germany. 'My husband works every day and earns only thirty-five rubles a month. We expected to find it a labor paradise here, and we can scarcely get enough to eat.'

Less than twenty miles south of Erivan brought me to the foot of Mount Ararat, which rises abruptly from the plain of the lower Aras Valley. Bare precipices of fantastically folded limestone conglomerates tower above gravelly bottom-lands covered with a scanty growth of thorny restharrow. Kurd bandits were reported to be raiding across the border, so that the district was not considered safe. I tested my little revolver to be provided for emergencies. The echo of the report had hardly died away when a Red Guardist rushed up breathlessly to find out what was the matter. When I told him what I was doing he was visibly relieved.

'We knew you were coming, and I thought when I heard your pistol shot that the Kurds might have attacked you. Go ahead, but keep a sharp eye on the road.'

How often people had told me that the Bolsheviki would instantly confiscate any firearms they found in my possession!

Julfa, on the Persian border, is a regular oven. The sunlight seems to focus in the Aras Valley, producing unbearable temperatures. Trillions upon trillions of mosquitoes swarm along the river's swampy banks. Fortunately a brisk breeze springs up every afternoon and continues till late at night. During the war the place was completely destroyed, but it is gradually being rebuilt. When I arrived the people were just celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their annexation to Russia. I attended a public meeting held in honor of that event. About one hundred and fifty people, fully half the entire population of the place, were present. A number of short, snappy speeches were delivered, all of which I could not understand, for besides Russian and Turkish-Tatar there were also some in Armenian. While the ceremonies were going on two tiny youngsters kept skipping about and shouting directly in front of the speaker's stand. Their mother, with an infant at her breast, watched the little lads happily, and the audience did not seem to mind.

'Are the speakers members of the Communist Party?' I asked the amiable burgomaster.

'No, they're not. Only about five per cent of the people here are Communists.'

Julfa is also the frontier station of the Trans-Caucasian Railway, which connects Tiflis, via Erivan, with Tabriz in Persia. There is no through passenger traffic as yet. Travelers must leave the train in Russian Julfa, load their luggage on oxcarts, and proceed to the customhouse on the Aras River. After their trunks and parcels have

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been carefully examined by inspectors of the Cheka, they are carried by porters to the international bridge, where Persian porters receive them and carry them to the Persian customhouse. Here every article they contain is taxed heavily.

I had the most difficulty over my automatic pistol, which the authorities wanted to confiscate. Finally a trim, businesslike Persian captain let me persuade him.

'You certainly realize, Captain, that I need a weapon, for if my motor-cycle should break down I might be compelled to camp overnight in the open country.'

'You need n't worry in Persia to-day. Riza Khan has made it perfectly safe for everybody.'

'But lions, and tigers, and leopards, and panthers, Captain?'

That argument convinced him, even though it was absurd.

EMANCIPATED NICARAGUA[1]

BY WILLIAM C. CAREY

[SINCE this article was written, President Carlos Solorzano, who was chosen President of Nicaragua by a Liberal majority at an election held under the protection of our Marines shortly before they withdrew from that country, has been induced to resign in favor of General Emiliano Chamorro, the Conservative leader who, as the author explains, had acquired virtual control of the government by an armed coup d'état some weeks before.]

To understand clearly political events as they are now unfolding in Nicaragua it must be borne in mind that the old Conservative Party is again in complete power. If you don't quite approve of Conservatives and Conservative doctrines, and you live in Nicaragua, you may as well learn to like them, or at least to reconcile yourself to the new order of things; for it looks very much as if said Conservatives have gotten a strangle-hold on the political situation, and are in to stay.

They arrived at this, to them, wholly satisfactory status by the spectacular but effective procedure of capturing the fortress upon a hill high above Managua, which literally dominates the city, and in effect all of the Republic. This done, the Liberals were forced to the tall timber, so to speak, where they have since remained, disgusted and quite 'put out'; for the Conservatives have appointed new ministers, new consuls, new *jefes* of this and that, until now Liberals in office in Nicaragua are about as frequent as pug noses in Jerusalem.

Drastic as these measures may appear, it is becoming evident that the change is bringing about a stability of government sadly lacking before. General Emiliano Chamorro, who is helping President Carlos Solorzano effect a readjustment of affairs, who is the active and competent head of the country's military forces, and who

[1]From the *Panama Times* (Canal Zone, English-language weekly), *January* 9

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really constitutes the force and punch that is putting new life into things, is especially well liked by the foreign colony, who recognize in him a man strong enough to maintain the peace and order so vitally essential to the country's economic and commercial development.

Congress convened for its opening session on December 10. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the ninth a gang of soldiers was stationed at each of the four corners of the Palacio, the building in which Congress holds its sessions. These so-called guardians of the peace looked like the brigand section of a stranded comic opera; but there is no getting away from the fact that the rifles they carried possessed a snappy and businesslike aspect. The National Guard of Nicaragua, organized and trained by Major Carter, U. S. A., is a well-drilled and -equipped force; but they were needed more urgently in other parts, rather than to guard the Palacio, and so these wild and woolly gents from the remote mountain regions slouched around the corners mentioned, as picturesque a group of concentrated inefficiency possessed with authority as you can possibly picture. On this job each little brigand probably earned six or seven cents a day; in Hollywood, California, they would have been in steady demand, in that same attire and with that same swaggering air of nonchalant irresponsibility, and they would have pulled down five dollars a day each. I dwell upon these lads to some length because I had a little run-in with them later on, of which I will tell you *más tarde.*

The reason for these soldiers being placed to guard the entrance of the Palacio and its assembly hall was explained to me by a Liberal; and being such, it is perhaps reasonable to believe his opinions slightly biased on this particular topic. He explained that, everything having been so nicely arranged and adjusted, Conservatively speaking, it remained only to do some little fixing in the personnel of the Congress to make it a smooth-running, nonskidding machine. Each member of Congress has an alternate appointed to take his place should the regular member for any reason be detained from taking his seat. If a member happens to be in full accord and sympathy with the present powers that be, well and good. If not, and his alternate is in full accord — why, it naturally follows that if the regular member can be 'detained' from taking his seat it is only good business management to see that this is done; certainly a fine little system, simple and direct, a matter of right and justice — if you look at it from the right angle.

In short, then, according to the Liberals, these soldiers were placed around the Palacio to select discriminatingly which members of Congress should enter and take part in the festivities, and which should be more or less gently 'detained.' On the other hand, the Conservatives claim that a guard was necessary around the Palacio to prevent the Liberals from getting into the assembly hall and holding a little powwow of their own, which session, possessing some form of legality on account of being held in the assembly hall, might prove annoying to the plans of the Conservatives.

These are the two versions; you pay your money and take your choice.

As a valued member of the *Panama Times* staff of high-salaried representatives, I thought it might be a good idea to breeze over to the Palacio and sort of see what was going on. Accordingly I approached the brigand trenches at the nearest corner, and was going right along through, when suddenly

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what looked to me like all the rifles ever turned out by the Springfield Arsenal were pointed at various parts of my anatomy, and a large, coarse individual who would have delighted the heart of Pancho Villa, and who had a careless way of handling firearms, stepped forward and remarked to me with what seemed far more vehemence than the occasion required: '*Atrás!*'

Unless you have heard that word while at the same time looking down into the gloomy depths of an army rifle's barrel, you have no idea of the feeling that can be put into its utterance. Furthermore, Spanish is such an expressive language that in a little word like '*atrás*' they can convey a whole paragraph of English, which in this instance would be something as follows: 'You better turn around and go back, before we blow the everlasting daylights out of you; and don't bother to stop and argue the matter, or you are liable to get shot in the meantime — or some other equally vital part.'

It is certainly lucky for me that the word '*atrás*' was included in my Spanish vocabulary of sixteen words. I shudder to think of what a saddening and perhaps smeary spectacle might have resulted had I in my ignorance of the Spanish language somehow got the delusion that '*atrás*' meant, 'Advance, American war correspondent!'

For a moment I stood glaring at the brigand chief with all the hauteur I happened to have with me at the moment. As this had absolutely no effect upon him, except perhaps to make him a trifle more restless about waiting any longer before turning to his aide and remarking, 'When you are ready, Mr. Gridley, you may fire,' I concluded to advance backward until entirely out of the danger zone. I '*atrásed*'; hurriedly, perhaps, but I trust not without a certain dignity.

I executed a masterly retreat back to the Lupone Hotel, where I sat down to map out some form of campaign. At first I had been only mildly obsessed with the idea of getting into the Palacio; really, I had no particular business there — nothing to do in there, or to see or hear. But these boys of the brigand brigade intrigued me. It suddenly came upon me that unless I got into that Palacio my future life would be but an aching void. I went around to another corner.

Here much the same conditions prevailed as at the first corner I approached, only these descendants of Robin Hood and the early buccaneers exhibited a willingness to shoot off their rifles that amounted almost to an anxiety.

The chief stepped forward to greet me. He was a little fellow, but he carried a wicked moustache; and the way he fondled his rifle convinced me that he was planning to put seven shots into my innermost organisms, and then suggest that I '*atrás*' if I felt able to do so. I don't like that system. I like to have the '*atrás*' proposition fairly placed before me, so that I may deliberate on what action to take.

Just to show this fellow that I knew my rights, and held to them firmly, I turned abruptly and stalked, hurriedly, but by no means flurriedly, away from the entrenchment.

In my indignation, I ignored the third corner entirely, walked around the block, and stealthily approached the fourth corner, by the left flank.

I was pleased to note that the *jefe* in charge of this battalion was a young, lithe, good-looking chap of the Valentino type, but a trifle more austere and purposeful in his bearing. He seemed apart and detached from his surroundings, as though his thoughts were back in the vine-clad hills of Segovia. Also,

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he looked as though he could speak a little English. Here is a lad, I thought to myself, with whom one can converse and reason intelligently. I stepped forward, radiating cheery optimism and expectancy. He greeted me, and in a voice permeated with vibrant feeling, he exclaimed: '*Atrás!*'

Anyhow, I was right about his speaking a little English; for immediately he added in lowered tones, and almost genially: 'You get to hell out a here — and stay out!'

By this time I was becoming — suspicious. A faint, subtle fancy was creeping into my brain that these brigands did not want me to go into the Palacio. The way that last '*atrás*' got over and registered convinced me that my last hope — the good-looking young chap with the debonair manner — was a regular tiger when aroused; and I am, I believe, too much of a gentleman to go around arousing tigers.

So, I '*atrásed*'; after all, one more little '*atrás*' did n't matter so much.

As a correspondent, intent upon getting copy even at the expense of my life, I am, perhaps, a flat tire; but I want to say this right here and now: I am one of the best and speediest little '*atrás-ers*' in Central America.

After all, one can only do his best; and that which he is best fitted for.

With Congress and San Diego Volcano both now in active eruption, I hope for some real news next week.

OLD THEATRES FOR NEW[1]

BY OLIVER P. BERNARD

A DISCUSSION on architectural and mechanical problems of the theatre as a vehicle of drama and opera involves a post-mortem of contemporary methods of planning and constructing stages and auditoriums, system of lighting, and other facilities for theatrical illusion. The true function of the theatre is to demonstrate ever-changing unreality, and the all-absorbing problem in this function for the theatrical technician is to determine the relationship between stage and auditorium, or the relative aspects of the audience and the actor. This subject does not appear to have interested theatrical press-agents; therefore one wonders if even the more artistic ears of the theatre would care to be told that the link between actor and audience is first and foremost a matter of axis. Theatres, churches, and ships when built and launched are commonly taken for granted; real attention is then focused on the actors, priests, and captains, while the designers of their respective vehicles are forgotten so long as they have provided a reasonable amount of comfort plus not more than an unreasonable amount of ugliness.

It is significant that theatrical authorities of the day are more concerned with discussing rents than the technical efficiency of theatres, although in ordinary commercial enterprise such things as cost and efficiency

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *December 5*

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are regarded as inseparable considerations. The fact is that architects and engineers count for little in the world of showmen; indeed, it would be a breach of professional etiquette for any respectable member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, or even a civil engineer, to appear before the curtain at the conclusion of a successful première. It would be equally outrageous if the producer and actor-manager neglected this privilege; yet who is to say that the future of the theatre does not depend on the engineer? It has been noted that certain managers have at times commissioned distinguished architects to design their scenery, but it is more difficult to discover who designs their theatres.

Probably the best examples of obsolete planning are our two most important theatres, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Incidentally, hundreds of far more inefficient and supremely ugly examples of theatre-planning have been erected since our two historical houses of entertainment were first built. This may sound extravagant, but, it is hoped, not offensive to those who have a personal interest in and affection for 'Covent Garden' and 'Old Drury.' (The noble achievements of those whose names are associated with the history of our two most famous theatres are a thing apart from the structural subject of this essay.) If we survey the technical facilities and analyze the productions of either the opera house or the theatre since their erection and reconstruction, we are bound to show a constant repetition of scenic display based on fixed principles — principles that govern a stage separated from the audience and enclosed within three walls and a proscenium. Strictly speaking, only one member of an audience seated in rows of stalls parallel with the stage and in concentric circles and galleries can have an ideal view of the stage. From a mathematical standpoint if no other, this principle leaves much to be desired, and by itself almost proves that such theatres are a mathematical failure. So much for the restriction imposed by what is termed a dominant axis of stage and auditorium. Now let us examine even more serious limitations behind the proscenium. Those who are inclined to date modernity in the theatre from the arrival of the Russian ballet may like to know that structurally the most modern thing in the contemporary theatre is the proscenium and curtain, or, in other words, that the only constructive innovation that has developed since the Greeks built their first theatre is the act of separating the audience from the stage by means of a curtain or act drop.

The object of this article is to suggest, if not to prove, that the principle of making the stage and the auditorium two separate entities has brought the existing theatre to a standstill. This need not encourage the sneers of so-called modern stage-decorators, who on their own showing know little enough about painting and nothing about planning the actual theatre which they have played with as a toy. What should arouse and stimulate constructive energy in the theatre is the fact that everything that can be done on the three-dimensional stage has been done, and so well done at Drury Lane, for example, that the possibilities are exhausted. The accomplishments of producers and scenic artists at Drury Lane have shown how individual and collective enterprise has been subordinated by the medium, how the dividing line between stage and auditorium has dominated their efforts. While not asserting that the principle of seating, say, twenty-five hundred people in front of a stage picture-frame

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is entirely a failure, it is submitted that the scientific and artistic possibilities of stage-production under the conditions are severely limited. Actor and stage-designer must act and design for one definite angle of vision. The greatest actor cannot act without certain mannerism so long as there is only one position in which he can face the audience; the scenic artist knows to his cost that the audience will see his setting from only one point of view, and that at its best it can never be anything but a picture in a frame.

Compare this restriction with the freedom that is enjoyed in film-production, wherein a most valuable advantage is the fact that the same scene can be successively shown from so many different points of view. The axis of the audience and scene can be continually changed by merely moving the camera without disturbing the scene or the audience. Above all things this makes action easier for the actor and the drama itself, while increasing the scope and interest of the setting. This has all the advantages minus the liabilities of a stage with a radial axis. The film-setting can be viewed from all angles like a piece of sculpture.

Among the curious forms of compromise in the ordinary theatre is the revolving stage. A more rapid change of setting is attained, but, at the expense of further curtailment of space within the three walls and proscenium of the three-dimensional stage, it actually increases the restrictions that fetter a stage separated from the audience. Consequently revolving stages have not become popular, and are even openly condemned by those who are unwilling or unable to appreciate that the fault does not belong to the revolving stage, but to its application or position behind the curtain line. There is not room for a revolving stage behind a proscenium, but the possibilities of a stage that will revolve and sink in or near the centre of the auditorium may be submitted as the alternative to the ordinary stage as we know it in this country to-day.

If a stage-technician were offered unlimited capital to spend on a production at Covent Garden or Drury Lane on condition that he must devise something different in principle to anything that has been done in either of those theatres, he would surely confess himself unequal to the task; but if he were given permission to abolish that principle and to place his stage and the audience in whatever relationship he pleased within the four walls of the entire theatre, he might evolve something more than 'new scenery and dresses.' He might begin by reconstructing the theatre and converting the auditorium into at least two thirds of an arena so that the audience could sit round at least two thirds of the stage, which would revolve and sink in conjunction with a continuation or background in place of the traditional proscenium and act drop. He could also sink the orchestra in the rim of his arena, on which singers and actors would no longer be obliged to face an audience in one fixed position, nor be compelled to approach the footlights to make themselves heard. The centre of this stage would become the centre of the audience, the centre of illusion, the centre of sound, the centre of light — in short, the kernel of the theatre as a whole. This would not be revolutionary, but rather reactionary to first principles of the theatre that were in existence before the Christian era.

It may not be the technician's job to practise music or to master dramatic interpretation, but it is his job to appreciate and anticipate the requirements of the playwright, composer, and performer. He should know how to place a maximum number of people in such position that they are all capable

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of enjoying and understanding the work of the former. The individual actors or singers can make themselves intelligible to only about twenty-five hundred people at a time, certainly not more than three thousand. It should be the ambition of the theatre-technician to provide a medium that shall not only give greater freedom to production of existing works, but pave the way if possible for new forms of dramatic thought and inspiration.

As we all know to our sorrow, it takes years to get rid of bad architecture. The tragedy is, if one may say so, that for the last hundred years, at any rate, no real effort appears to have been made to think of the theatre structurally except in terms that our children know so well. The old Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's day had the germ of an ancient idea, which, alas, has been swamped by the vulgarity of a later period. A model of a theatre of this period (sixteenth century) was included, among others, in the British Theatre Section at the recent International Exposition in Paris. Set beside the work of other living stage-designers this reproduction was the most modern of them all, inasmuch as the idea crudely constructed in this reproduction solved a problem that more modern designers had obviously not even attempted to overcome. One could mentally imagine this old playhouse rising from the ashes of, say, Madame Tussaud's, rejuvenated by science and modern engineering, adding one more chapter to the amazing record of action and inaction of the theatre. This time it might be a home, not only for Shakespeare and other drama, but for opera, indirectly supported by a winter garden, restaurant, and hotel, to make it a sound commercial proposition and worthy of the finest site in the greatest city in the world.

THE MACHINE DRAMA[1]

BY R. M. FOX

In Europe the dramatists of the Machine are emerging. Preoccupation with this theme may be observed in the work of the younger German playwrights, as in Toller's *Machine Wreckers* and in the *R. U. R.* of the Czech dramatist, Čapek. But it is in Italy and in Russia that machine-worship has reached its highest and, in some respects, its most ludicrous point.

Marinetti, the Italian futurist, was engaged, even before the war, in dazzling us with his angles and geometric figures, which he proclaimed as the highest expression of poetry and art. He was a believer in violence, and as, next to the factory, military organization is the greatest example of men being organized on mechanical lines as 'man power,' it is not surprising that the futurists whole-heartedly endorsed militarism and urged that a great world war would purify, energize, and strengthen our social life, dispel dissipation and give us sterner, simpler, and more ascetic habits. Our post-war

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *January* 9

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civilization, with its jazz, night clubs, and other frivolities, hardly justifies Signor Marinetti's philosophy, but he remains unchastened.

Marinetti tells us that machine forms express the true spirit of the age. The machine contains all the finer attributes of man, and he has only to assert the will to be a machine to recapture the best part of himself. So in Italy we have a ballet that reproduces the life and environment of the locomotive; the dancers are enclosed in cylinders, funnels, and so forth, representing parts of the locomotive, the scene being that of a dissected railway-system. Marinetti's idea seems to be that man is a cross between a marionette and a Meccano set.

In Russia the same idea is being worked out, though here it is given a political coloring. According to Meierhold and Foregger, the leaders of the new movement, machine drama has a tremendous significance for labor. They say that workmen and large-scale industrialists both accept the machine age with enthusiasm, the only difference being that the heavy-industry magnates are solely concerned with efficient production on commercial lines, while they want to use machinery to facilitate social changes. Foregger has invented grotesque machine-dances, and actors have to practise 'Taylorized gestures' and to use their limbs in a 'biomechanical' fashion in his Mastfor theatre. Workmen, too, in the 'Prolecult' theatre are encouraged to develop on similar lines. The idealization of the machine has progressed so far that a sympathetic investigator, Mr. Huntly Carter, says in his book on the Russian theatre, '. . . they attribute to the machine all their social and moral attributes . . . their own vitality, strength, courage, clearness, steel nerves, persistency, precision, rhythm, style, endurance.' In the Zon, the largest theatre in Moscow, the audience has to make way for the players as they dash up and down on motor-bicycles. In another theatre, familiar sounds are got by means of a jazz orchestra consisting of a variety of instruments — a motor hooter, typewriter, pieces of metal, and so on.

King Machine has been enthroned on the Russian stage, and it is no wonder when we consider how much machinery means in the present need for reconstruction; but when misguided enthusiasts emphasize this as a new revelation it is necessary to ask ourselves just what it is that we want from the stage.

The highest form of drama is that which enables people to develop as human beings — which brings to them beauty, nobility, dignity, all those qualities that differentiate men from machines and raise them above the beasts. In nature we can see much that is beautiful and un-Taylorized; trailing clouds of glory, flowers and tendrils, hold us with their graceful loveliness just as do those human qualities of character and intellect. What has the machine drama to say to all this? It certainly appears as if the triumph of the machine were being celebrated here and not the triumph of man. We are told by Mr. Carter that 'biomechanics, the science of the mechanism of the body, assumes that the worker is an organized piece of mechanism like a machine . . . and that he is so much accustomed to machine movements and sounds that they form his natural modes of expression.' On such reasoning I suppose the swineherd would be expected to confine himself to grunts!

So far it has unfortunately been found impossible to get plays turned out by machinery, and the dramatist is still allowed, within limits, to give us his glimpse of the wildness and sweetness that eludes our machine-ridden

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civilization; but the actor is treated like a routine industrial worker. In all this we see man engaged in remaking himself as a machine, and the result is not inviting. It is the apotheosis of the commonplace mass-production of Robot-like men who are not encouraged to aim at anything higher. Growth and development are frowned on, and we are supplied with something that is stamped out as if by a machine that can supply any quantity all exactly the same shape and size.

Mr. Huntly Carter, though he has his misgivings, may try to convince us that the drama of the future will be that of workmen, who, after tinkering about all day with gas pipes and boilers, will dress up as gas pipes and boilers on the stage at night or will go to watch others doing it. But with some industrial experience to go on, I can tell him that, whoever else will stand this, workingmen will not; gas pipes and boilers will have lost all novelty and attraction for them by the time the day's work is over. It must be interesting to ramble round Europe and to see a lot of actors made up to resemble a row of screws, but a few years in a motor factory would probably result in a yearning for something else. Peculiar as it may seem to some, the working-class outlook does not mean being reconciled to ugliness, to functioning merely as bits of machinery. Thinking workers, like other people, desire to develop their personalities as men and women, to extend their mental horizons, to gain more experience and acquire fresh stimuli to thought and endeavor.

The directors of this machine drama may not be harmed by it. Apparently there is something in its ugliness that harmonizes with their natures. They may even regard it in the spirit of curiosity as if it were a dance by Fiji Islanders — so quaint! But it will not do; though machinery enters into drama, it should not be allowed to push life and beauty out.

Workmen, like other people, will continue to crave for beauty, nobility, dignity, for those human attributes of which they are deprived when they work and live in surroundings of sordid ugliness. Progress consists in giving satisfaction to those cravings, not in causing them to be relinquished. The plays they want will deal with realities, crude realities, maybe; that is, the realities they know. But it is the spark of divine fire in such creative work that will move and inspire them.

Typical of this real new drama, the drama that will live because it has a message for humanity, is Mr. Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, which recently achieved a success in London. The author is a Dublin workman who does not conceive it to be his high destiny to make a play in which the characters function like the wheels and levers in a watch. The action takes place in and around a dingy, dilapidated Dublin tenement whose bare, creaking stairways are haunted by drunkenness, shiftless misery, and death. A comparison of *Juno and the Paycock* with W. B. Yeats's *Cathleen ni Houlihan* reveals the change in the spirit of the age. Between that grand, shadowy romantic figure of the Celtic Twilight days, beckoning to sacrifice, and Juno, the tenement charwoman, saying to her son, 'Ah, you lost your best principle when you lost your arm; them 's the only sort of principles that 's any good to a workin' man,' lies a world of disillusion. But Juno shares with Cathleen ni Houlihan those qualities of dignity and beauty that rise out of the squalor, shining more brilliantly because of the surrounding darkness. And the widow in the funeral scene whose words are echoed by Juno, 'Take away our hearts of stone and give us hearts o' flesh,' touches a

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humanity worth sharing. This is the new drama, derived directly from working-class experience, which sacrifices none of the fineness of the old.

No, there is nothing distinctively working-class about the glorification of machinery in drama. In Fascist Italy it is being done as in revolutionary Russia. To triumph over the machine and use it for social ends is doubtless a fine thing. So is arithmetic, though we don't make plays about it. But to-day many industrial workers have to wait until the engine or the plant needs overhauling before they can have a holiday lasting more than a day or two; they work on night shifts because the machinery must be kept running. Their lives are shaped by the capacities and needs of the machines, and all the rose-colored machine-talk is distinctly premature. Since the cold douche of reality that succeeded the early enthusiasms of the industrial revolution in England, we will have none of it. Although it may suit Italian futurists, it draws too much on futurity. The machine-Moloch has yet to be tamed and whipped to heel.

Mass organization, particularly on military lines, is bound to result in strengthening machine conceptions, as such phrases as 'man power,' 'iron discipline,' and so on, show. But these conceptions are the allies of dictatorship rather than of democracy. Yet the end of all social progress is to make people individuals. We do not want a bureaucracy and a blurred crowd, but a community of thinking, intelligent, striving, and developing human beings, each entitled to an uncramped existence. If in the experiments of collectivism at present being carried out it is assumed that besides attacking individualism it is necessary to attack individuality, there will inevitably be a great human recoil.

I have seen something of the post-Revolutionary painting and drama in Moscow. The hotels were crammed from floor to ceiling with futurist paintings, weird assemblages of spirals and angles, oblongs and squares, blotches of paint — one, I remember, like a slab of greenish-black caviar. A canvas, painted half red and half white, bore the inscription 'Red *v.* White.' Some had bits of scrap iron stuck on to heighten the effect. These things were housed in the hotels because nobody would have them elsewhere. And I was informed authoritatively that the people did not like futurist paintings and futurist drama; they found both unintelligible. It was said that futurism belonged to the old decadent order going down in a blaze of delirium. M. Lunarcharsky, the Minister of Education, whom I saw in the Kremlin, told me that he did not take sides but endeavored to hold the balance fairly between the futurist machine dramatists and the rest. My impression was that it is only a passing phenomenon. The French Revolution had its David, the friend of humanity, with his Gargantuan canvases and mediocre results.

It is possible that the mass of the people to-day may be temporarily submerged by the power of the huge factories; they may accept the impress of these machines on their souls and consent dully to be made after the pattern of the iron monsters they tend, but always there will be those standing for human liberation who will decline to accept this position as desirable. The natural impulses of the people will eventually break through all barriers and free us from the purely commercial theatre with its degraded appeal, and from the unhealthy coteries who try to impose a machine drama, the ugliness of which they consider suitable for those inferior 'masses' they quite unwarrantably take upon themselves to speak for and interpret to the world.

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WHY I WENT ON THE STAGE[1]

BY SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

[THE author, one of the most distinguished actors of Great Britain, has been manager of the Lyceum, the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Covent Garden Opera House. As a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, he accompanied that actor on his various tours through this country, and only two years ago made a trip here with his own company. He has played a great variety of rôles, but is known chiefly as a Shakespearean.]

I WAS born at Wyvenhoe, in Essex, where my grandfather founded a shipbuilding yard, and my father, John Harvey, in due course succeeded to the business, which under his enterprising management built up a fine reputation for designing and constructing racing yachts. My mother was the daughter of the Reverend David George Goyder (Gwyder), who was the descendant of a well-known Welsh family, and whose name is loved to-day by all followers of Swedenborg, the Swedish mystic. Such blood flowing in my veins probably accounts for my natural love of things artistic.

As a boy, I do not remember much of Wyvenhoe, for my father thought the low-lying district rather unhealthy, and I was packed off to school when quite young; but my first memory is rather a painful one. I recall sitting with my sister in the old roomy house attached to the shipyard. We were in tall chairs, and mine happened to topple over. I fell into the fire and was rather badly damaged. So my first important recollection of life burned itself in.

My childhood was inseparably woven with sights and sounds of the sea. I have only to shut my eyes, and the shipyard, my first playground, comes back to me. Again I see the boats in the stocks, my father busy with his designing, and so vividly do the scenes flash before me that I seem still to catch the mingled odors from the tar and ropes blended with the sea breezes. When still quite young we moved to Quay House, a rambling, gloomy structure full of weird stairways and numerous passages. The place created an impression on me I have not forgotten, and often those early years were haunted by a sense of unknown terrors.

Then there were long hours spent in sailing about the creeks in a small yacht my father lent us. He was a man of many occupations, but however busy he was he always found time to come up to my bedroom and wish me goodnight with a few cheery words before the final tuck-up. My mother was rather an invalid in later years, and the last striking recollection of my early childhood is that of her death.

I think my childish days ended there, and any further recollections I have take me on to my school days and the years when my father expected me to show a preference for the career in life I wished to follow. My first real school was Linton House, Colchester, and my education was planned by my father

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *January* 16

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on the presumption that I should follow him in his profession as a naval architect. So after leaving Linton House I went to King's College, where I am afraid my history was much the same as at school. The only prizes I can remember securing were for drawing.

My last year at college was devoted to higher mathematics in view of my prospective studies in naval architecture. But it was no use; I could not absorb mathematics, and my master looked on me with pity as an utter dunderhead, and casually told one of my friends I had no brains at all.

Still, a healthy schoolboy of fifteen is not easily depressed. This made my father revise his programme, and I did not go to the School of Naval Architecture, but was apprenticed to the firm to gain practical experience. I started in the designing-room, and from there I had to go into the yard, see the various departments at work, and then go on to the draftsmen's offices. May I confess that I often retired to my particular room and translated Fénelon's *Télémaque*?

The only live interest I displayed was a craving to build and sail the smallest craft ever seen on the Colne, and I eventually launched a weird boat seven feet, six inches long. This I proudly got afloat all right, although the water lapped within two inches of its gunwale, and bravely paddled out to midstream. 'Bravely' is hardly the right word, for I was quite unconscious of the folly of the adventure. My father passing along the quay saw me in the absurd craft and ordered me ashore. But I could not get back, and had to be promptly towed in, only to listen to my father's sarcastic comments on the enterprise.

It was during these childhood days that I made my first stage appearance, for my father was very fond of private theatricals, and liked to see us young people preparing plays and appearing in them. The villagers were invited to these performances, which were held in a long room at the top of our house, converted into a miniature theatre. On its boards I began my career as an actor, being cast for the Princess in a play called *The Frog and the Princess*. I was then six years old.

This appearance showed no signs of latent talent, for it ended in a terrible disaster. Various light refreshments had been provided for the guests, including light sherry and biscuits, and I was to carry round a tray. I betrayed my trust. Taking advantage of my stewardship, I treated myself on the quiet and so failed to keep faith with my audience for the only time in my life. I took more sherry than was good for me, and the Princess could not carry her overgenerous share like a gentleman, and so any gleams of dormant genius failed to reveal themselves through my juvenile depravity.

My choosing the stage as a profession came about quite naturally after all. My father and I went to see Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Opéra-Comique played by a company of children. Traveling home we talked freely about the performance, and I suppose it was the keen interest I displayed that impelled him to ask me whether I should like stage work.

When I assented, much to my surprise he took me seriously, and, although it must have been a bitter disappointment that I would not follow in his footsteps, the thorough way he started to assist the new venture was splendid.

We discussed the matter fully, and the leading question was whether I should go to Oxford or not. My father was in favor of this; I was against it, for I had begun to have ideas of my own, and considered it would be a waste of time. Without consulting

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anyone, I wrote to Henry Irving, then at the height of his great career at the Lyceum, and asked his advice as to whether a university degree was necessary for the stage. He replied almost at once, saying it was not essential and advising me to go and study with Mr. Lacy, a well-known dramatic tutor.

At that time my father was building a yacht for the late Sir William S. Gilbert, and as they two crossed the yard one day I happened to meet them.

'This is the young man who wants to go on the stage,' said my father, and the two men eyed me critically.

Gilbert was very charming, and advised my going as a pupil to John Ryder, a fine old-time actor, to whom he wrote a letter of introduction.

So I started under a teacher who had the broad atmosphere of the old full-blooded school, and his influence over me was good.

New methods used to irritate Ryder, and he spent a great deal of time in denouncing the younger school. Of that 'young man Irving' he talked with lofty contempt, notwithstanding the great actor-manager was then making theatrical history at the Lyceum.

I remember turning up at Ryder's rooms enthusiastic with the overnight memory of Irving's Iago, and describing how Irving stood with his hand over his face while he spoke the famous lines in which he ponders how the Moor can be ensnared. When the solution occurred to him he lifted his head, and his face became illumined with the dawning conception of the new idea.

All this I related. Ryder listened impatiently, and then thundered out: 'That's how he finds his effects — I did the very same business years ago!'

When my student days were over, Ryder sent me with a letter to Wilson Barrett, at the Prince's Theatre. Barrett was very charming, although he had nothing to offer; he sent me to Captain Claremont, who gave me my first engagement to walk on as a guest in a play called *Honour*. We had to look natural and do a little waltzing in a reception scene. For this I was paid a guinea a week.

Afterward I secured an interview with Sir Charles Wyndham in his dressing-room; he wished somebody to play the boy in *Betsy* in the provinces. I asked for three pounds a week; Sir Charles offered two, but, with my heart in my mouth, I stuck out, and was eventually engaged.

We opened at Newcastle, and you may guess how fresh I was to the stage when I tell you my only idea of living in a strange town was to put up at the best hotel. It never occurred to me that three pounds a week would not go very far, and I am afraid my knowledge of the value of money was practically nil. During that first royal week I put up at the Station Hotel, and was, I think, the wonder and admiration of the town in the eyes of the other members of the company. But my brief splendor came to an end with a hideous crash. When I received my bill my salary would not cover it, and the hotel people would not let me depart. If the manager of the company had not advanced me another week's salary I'm afraid I should have been there to-day — in pawn.

Five weeks' touring saw me once more among the unemployed, and it was eight months before I got an engagement as one of the Lyceum young men.

I went to Irving raw and unfinished; I came away well equipped — as my critics kindly say — with a sound technique. This reminds me of Irving's saying, when I had been excessively stupid at rehearsal: 'My boy, you ought to be paying *me* for teaching *you*, instead of expecting *me* to pay *you*.'

And he was quite right.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

OUR DRAMA THROUGH FOREIGN EYES

It was an English manager, Mr. Basil Deane, who set his confrères by the ears the other day when, on returning from a sojourn in this country, he announced that the American stage was leaps and bounds ahead of the stage in Europe, and particularly of the stage in England. We cannot pretend to judge the merits of the case; yet it is difficult not to believe that the vitality of the English theatre at the moment is a vitality of reminiscence, not of invention. The London plays that have made the deepest impression on the critics this winter have been, almost without exception, revivals of old English comedies and tragedies — *Arden of Feversham* and *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, for example — or productions of plays by Continental writers such as Chekhov. What new plays have appeared have elicited either the mildest kind of approval or outspoken disapprobation. *Juno and the Paycock*, the most striking new play of the season, is the work of an Irish playwright.

Our own theatre may be chaotic, but, according to more than one foreign observer, it is not moribund. It is perhaps the phase of our artistic activity that just now exercises the greatest attraction for friendly European visitors. The *Mercure de France* in a recent issue prints as its leading article a discussion of 'The Renaissance of the Drama in America To-day,' by Mlle. Léonie Villard, of the department of English and American Literature of the University of Lyon. Mlle. Villard reports the most heartening activity in the American theatre, and, what is most significant of all, pays it the tribute of saying that it is a genuinely national activity, in the sense, not only of being widespread, but of being native, original, and emancipated from imitation.

In a survey of the history of the American drama, this writer shows how from the beginning it was impossible for our playwrights to do more than adapt European dramatic principles to American subjects — how, at least, they failed to break away from European traditions of form even when they handled native material. She acknowledges the conspicuous talents of such men as Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch, and Augustus Thomas in their generation; 'but Scribe, Dumas, and Ibsen furnished the mould into which these authors poured their new content.' The first American play to point the way to originality in method as well as in matter was *The Great Divide*, and Moody's work remained isolated in his decade.

Not a few American readers will be surprised to hear Mlle. Villard say that the new era in our drama was ushered in by Mr. Theodore Dreiser's series of dramatic sketches in his volume, *Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural*, published in 1916. Yet in these sketches, she declares, Dreiser has made no effort to conform to classical rules of dramatic technique, but has let his technique evolve from the material itself. 'Then came Eugene O'Neill'

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(*'enfin Malherbe vint'*) — and the revolution in the theatre was in full swing. To this writer Mlle. Villard devotes the largest part of her essay, analyzing the conduct of his separate plays and defining his salient qualities. What Dreiser did for a more or less literary form of the drama Eugene O'Neill has done more thoroughly for the practical drama itself: he has utilized characters and motives directly from American life, he has made them speak their own language, and he has invented one form after another in response to the demands of his material. The monologue of *The Emperor Jones*, the eight scenes of *The Hairy Ape*, the symbolism of *Desire under the Elms*, have no precedent in earlier drama, because they do not attempt to solve the old problems so much as to tackle new ones.

In concluding her essay, Mlle. Villard suggests some generalizations that may more or less tentatively be made about the new American drama. For one thing, she says, these plays are dominated rather by a lust for activity than by an interest in psychological subtleties and slow processes of character-change; and naturally enough, since American life has itself been dominated from the beginning by physical activity rather than by reflection. 'It is a question, furthermore, whether the American drama to-day does not come very close, in its principles and methods, to a form of art peculiarly adapted to the American genius — the short story. It has the same spontaneity, the same sense of the immediate, the same skill in fixing action and character as they are manifested at a given moment. On the stage, as in the pages of an American short story, we see an effort to achieve the total expression of a life or of a situation, a faculty for seizing and holding the power or the beauty yielded up by an immortal instant.' If this is true, the old parallel between the play and the novel will — so far as we are concerned — have had its day.

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GOETHE ON PROGRESS

READERS of Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* will remember the name of Frédéric Soret, the young Swiss mathematician and scientist who, as tutor to the hereditary grand duke, Karl Alexander, from 1822 to 1836, was a favored member of Goethe's Weimar circle, and collaborated with him, indeed, on a revised edition of *The Metamorphosis of Plants*. It has long been known that notes by Soret were used by Eckermann in putting together his third volume, but only recently has Soret's own Weimar diary turned up, and along with it a series of letters to his great-uncle Dumont, the Genevese political philosopher and interpreter of Benthamism. H. H. Houben reports these finds in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, and reproduces the text of one of Soret's letters that has a special interest as recording a hitherto unknown conversation with Goethe.

It appears that Dumont and his Genevese friends had been puzzled by a passage in *The Theory of Colors* in which Goethe expresses the notion that human progress takes place not in a straight line but spirally — that is, that it reaches higher and higher levels, but only in a manner that involves movements apparently backward as well as forward. Called upon by his uncle for an explanation from the lips of the great man himself, Soret appealed to Goethe on June 9, 1823, to show in particular how the theory applied.

'I remember vaguely,' replied Goethe, 'having made that observation somewhere; the idea engaged me very deeply at the time, and I know that my

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metaphor seemed to me perfectly just. To-day I am not so sure, and even if I had been with your friends in Geneva I might not have been of much assistance.'

Soret himself then ventured the suggestion that the spiral motion of progress was due to the exercise upon the human mind of two kinds of pressure, one binding it to earth and to contented acceptance of things as they are, the other inciting it to aspire starward. If these two forces were equal, humanity would move in a continuous and vicious circle; it moves spirally only because the elevating force is the stronger.

'There you have it,' answered Goethe — 'we should reach perfection too quickly if we marched straight toward the goal. My conception was a little less mathematical than yours, and if I am not mistaken I applied it only to individuals; but I see no reason why it cannot be extended to the whole human race. But you remind me that there was a corollary idea in my mind that is itself not a bad one. That spiral was not a simple abstract curve; luckily for you mathematicians, I thought of it as a real object, and compared it in my mind to the spring of a watch, stretching and contracting itself in response to all kinds of accidental pressures. Now you see how well the idea applies to all imaginable cases, especially if we make it take in all humanity. Some revolutions seem to plunge nations into barbarism, as when in the Middle Ages a thick cloud overcast the sunlight of antiquity: it is only my spring contracting, and, though the curved line moves upward, it does so too slowly to be easily detected. Then all at once the pressure is removed, and the progress that has been going on in the dark seems enormous to us.'

At that point, reports Soret, the conversation took a metaphysical turn, but we hear nothing more of it in detail.

RESTORING THE DESERTED VILLAGE

MR. EDWARD PAGE GASTON, who three years ago proposed to the Bishop of London that the condemned churches of the City be removed and reërected in the colonies and the United States, has recently proposed to President Cosgrave that the Irish Free State undertake to restore the rectory and the garden at Lissoy in County Westmeath where the poet Goldsmith was born — 'the village preacher's modest mansion' and the enclosure 'where once the garden smiled,' as he described it under the name of Auburn. Mr. Gaston suggests that the rectory might be used as a guest-house for tourists, and that, as Ireland is trying to attract more visitors, Goldsmith's country might become a place of pilgrimage. He also recommends that a Goldsmith window be placed in the church at Lissoy, which is itself badly in need of repairs.

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THE PROVINCIAL PROVINCES

'THEY cannot get away from Tosti's "Good-bye," "Down in the Forest," and that awful song, "The Jewel Song" from *Faust*,' said Dame Nellie Melba recently to a representative of the *Observer*. No progress at all in musical taste has been made in the English provinces for forty years, she declares, though London has made great strides, and Manchester and Leeds are in advance of the other cities, thanks to their orchestral concerts.

Madame Melba's concert farewell in London will take place at the Albert Hall in May, and she will appear in opera for the last time at Covent Garden. 'I am having a farewell at the Paris Opera House in the spring, and in the autumn at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, where I made my début. After that I am going to live in Paris and have a jolly good time.'

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GREEK PLAYS ON SUNDAY

ANOTHER London organization for special theatrical undertakings on Sunday is the Greek Play Society, a group brought together recently on the initiative of people like Mr. W. S. Kennedy of the Stage Society, Miss Sybil Thorndike, and Professor Gilbert Murray. The Scala Theatre will be used for productions, and these will be under the direction of Mr. Robert Atkins, formerly of the Old Vic. The first play to be presented was the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, and every effort was made to approximate the conditions of the Greek stage itself. 'In our endeavor to come into line with the Greek theatre,' says Mr. Atkins, 'we are placing the proscenium halfway back on the stage of the Scala, and using the fore stage as the orchestra. Following also the Greek traditions, the actors will wear masks and the cothurnus or high boots. All the female rôles, as in the Dionysian Theatre, will be taken by men.'

Œdipus at Colonus and Aristophanes' *The Frogs* are promised for early production.

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THE LAST POSTILION

'WITH the New Year,' writes a Berlin correspondent to the *Observer*, 'one of the very last memories of romantic Germany has vanished from Berlin. The last of the bright-yellow horse-driven coaches with drivers and outriders, complete with horn, has been taken from the road, and motor-coaches supplied for parcel post have taken its place. The German postilion runs through fifty years of poetry and song as one of the outstanding figures of national life. Naturally more important as well as more beloved in country districts, the yellow coach, with dashing steeds and wild horn-blower, is a favorite figure in the landscape painting hanging on every parlor wall.

'For some time past one has noticed with a pang that the votive paintings in Catholic-pilgrimage churches commemorating some dreadful accident show more electric trams in a medley of broken legs and commiserating saints than post-coaches, whose day has been gradually declining for some years past. Yet all over Germany regrets are heard; what Berlin does to-day, other towns will do to-morrow. Writers on the use of horns on the road recall that in the Middle Ages the privilege of announcing arrival in this more or less regal way was held in Germany by the cattle-dealers, who were also the butchers of that day.'

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A MOZART MUSEUM

THE old eighteenth-century house in Smichov, a suburb of Prague, which was the residence of Mozart's friends the Duscheks, and in which the great composer completed his opera, *Don Juan*, is to be made into a Mozart museum by the Mozart Society of Prague. Two rooms overlooking the garden were turned over to the composer by Madame Duschek at a time when he was living in the Old Town of Prague, and Mozart used every day to walk over from his lodgings across the river Vltava to take advantage of this hospitality. The last owner of the house died in the summer of 1925, and left the place to the Salzburg Mozart Society.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Six Prisons and Two Revolutions, by Oliver Baldwin. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.00.

[*New Statesman*]

THE arithmetical precision of the title of Mr. Baldwin's book is characteristic of his method. He has kept careful count of his prisons and revolutions for the same reason that he has remembered the facts. It would have been excusable, after his experiences, if he had declared that two and two make five, an exaggeration that is often shouted from the housetops by returned travelers with the vehemence of the discoverer of a new religion. To judge from some of their books, it must be easier to keep cool in the midst of danger than when telling the world about it afterward. Mr. Baldwin reserves what warmth of feeling he has for the politicians whose broken promises led to the betrayal of Armenia. He reminds us that in 1920 the words of Lord Curzon had been circulated all over Armenia: 'I created Armenia's independence and will always stand by her'; and that in 1922–23 the same Lord Curzon refused to see an Armenian representative and left the people to their fate.

Whether or not Lord Curzon was one of those who suppose that Armenians were created solely to be victims of massacre, Mr. Baldwin certainly is not. He has seen them at close quarters, and knows them as a nation instead of as objects of pity in the appeals of relief societies. Armenia to him is not merely the birthplace of Mr. Michael Arlen. He can not only vouch for the existence of that almost mythical country, but he has even been a lieutenant-colonel in the Armenian army. At one time that statement would have implied that he was a white-moustached veteran; but in these days it shows his youth.

No one, indeed, much more than twenty would have put his head into a noose as Mr. Baldwin did when in 1920 he took on the job of infantry instructor in the Armenian army. Armenia's war with Turkey began in 1914, and, reinvigorated with British assistance, was then nearing its last disaster. The army was falling back in disorder and, with the Turkish cavalry twenty miles off, Mr. Baldwin's first piece of work was to drill the town guard and organize the defense of the capital. It was his first piece of work and his last; for one morning it was found that a Bolshevist army had come down like a wolf on the fold, that the Government had been turned out, that a Soviet had been declared, and that the enemy was no longer the Turks to the West, but the Russians within the gates.

Mr. Baldwin, with the leading Armenians, was soon imprisoned. After that, apart from one brief interval of liberty and a short-lived counter-revolution, his story is a record of prison life in an atmosphere of terrorism. It was fortunate that his first release took place before the counter-revolution, or he would have fallen a victim in the wholesale massacre of prisoners that was the last act of the Bolsheviki before their temporary flight. As it was, he narrowly escaped death, and when later, in an attempt to leave the country, he fell into the hands of the Turks he was for months on end expecting to be the next one to be taken out and shot. Life now in England with its possibilities of week-ends at Chequers must seem to him wildly exciting in comparison with that long-drawn-out ordeal of hunger and dread; for, though it is sensational enough to read about, the monotony of it must have been deadening. It is Mr. Baldwin's way, however, to give us the facts and to leave us to draw such inferences for ourselves.

Alexander and Three Small Plays, by Lord Dunsany. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

[*Morning Post*]

DECIDEDLY Lord Dunsany is one of the *beaux esprits* of the age. There is not only a poetical imagination, but an individuality, about his work that is singularly stimulating. One never knows what he will find next, but it is always something out of the commonplace. Those who remember 'The Gods of the Mountain' and 'The Glittering Gate' will know Lord Dunsany's gift for stirring the sense of mystery and fear. In this new volume there is nothing comparable to those dramatic pieces, though there is something equally characteristic in 'Alexander' — mocking tragedy written on the theme of the world-conquering hero. It is written in prose, but such prose as only a poet could write, and it touches unfailingly the heroic mood. How it would play on the stage it would be unsafe to predict, but it is impossible to read it without feeling its effect: —

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The play is the tragedy Man;
The hero, the conqueror, Worm.

There is the same mocking of the vanity of human wishes in 'The Old King's Tale' — a mere trifle beside the four acts of 'Alexander,' but bearing the authentic Dunsany water-mark in its climax. Of 'The Evil Kettle,' — a fantasy about the youth of James Watt, with its disquieting suggestion that the invention of steam was the inspiration of the Devil, — and of 'The Amusements of Khan Kharuda,' it is impossible to say much as dramatic pieces. They are really short stories, and would be more effective in the narrative form. As to the latter, it was perhaps hardly worth including with the others. It misses its effect, in spite of an overelaboration of the means for attaining it.

Jericho Sands, by Mary Borden. London: Heinemann; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

[*Bookman*]

Only an author confident of her powers would have attempted this searching self-revelation of a mystic, torn between a frenzied devotion to God and his love for a woman who has pity and tenderness to give him but not the greater gift for which he hungers. In other, less competent hands the theme might have been sordid and commonplace, but Miss Borden, tempering realism with an exquisite reticence, exalts the love of Priscilla Birch and Crab Willing to a higher plane, and makes the jealousy of the husband a painfully real and soul-wrecking passion. When he challenges her with sinfulness she answers simply, 'It seemed beautiful to me'; and that note of beauty runs through all the torrent of his own version of the calamity. For the story is told by Simon Birch, — that is, the kernel of the story, — a prelude and epilogue being contributed by William Tweedle, an old friend of all the parties concerned, presenting a fairer delineation of Priscilla and explaining to some extent her point of view. Simon's raging jealousy is the book's bitter core. Yet even through his eyes we see Priscilla struggling against her longing for Crab, innocent of her own feelings till Simon, terribly astute in his love for her, nags and taunts her into a confession that surprises herself. The sick outpourings of the man's heart make us feel for him a mingled scorn and compassion; but Priscilla, for all his denunciations, rises from the pages serene, intrinsically honest, courageous to the last. In the end, driven to desperation by his hysterical attempts to exterminate her 'most hideous sin,' she leaves him and goes to the man she cares for.

We may wonder what she sees in Crab to let him break her life with such glory and suffering. Don't we often wonder that when a woman sacrifices everything for a man whose charm is not obvious to the outside world? Crab Willing is more or less a shadow in the narratives of both Tweedle and Simon; neither knew him well. 'No one knew him; nobody, that is to say, in the country was his intimate, and few people in the world.' But we are told: 'There was about him, not in him physically, but existing somewhere, lurking in his being, usually hidden, a beauty that flashed now and then like a steel blade catching the light.'

The minor characters are peculiarly vivid and alive, especially Priscilla's mother, Lady Agatha; 'ignorant, comic, sublime,' Tweedle calls her, and finds her the most pathetic figure of them all. These people work out their destinies in a dignified manner, poignantly at variance with their emotions, against a background as typically English as they themselves are typically English. They belong to old county families whose 'idea is to present to the world a passably decent exterior that has as little resemblance as possible to the self within.' It is a story of inward fires that burst at last through the crust of conventionalism and burn themselves out to the gray ashes of tragedy; a strong and vitally truthful piece of work — as one would expect from the author of *Jane — Our Stranger*.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Carter, Huntly. The New Spirit in the European Theatre. London: Benn; New York: George H. Doran Company. $7.50.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson, by Francis W. Hirst. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $6.00.

BEING the first English biographer of Thomas Jefferson, Mr. Hirst perhaps felt it was incumbent upon him to praise his subject to the skies. Or it may have been the influence of Lord Morley, who suggested the book in the first place. At all events, the job has been done thoroughly, competently, and faithfully — the book is exactly what one feels a 'Life and Letters of So-and-So' should be. Its only fault is that one occasionally has difficulty in distinguishing the forest from the trees, and to an American reader it seems that too much time is spent in the relation of more or less elementary historical facts. But Mr. Hirst's good nature and good manners, his lack of condescension so rare in Britishers of any creed or party, make one loath to find fault. Just as Lord Morley was the last aristocratic Liberal, so Jefferson was the first democratic gentleman. But Jefferson, like all first-rate men, owed his success much less to his philosophical formulas than to his natural character, intelligence, and horse sense. Although Mr. Hirst would probably not agree with either of these verdicts, any more than he would be willing to admit that Jefferson's political philosophy is a back number, still he is such a thorough Liberal that anyone who wishes to do so can draw such conclusions from his book. At a time when democracy is so very unpopular as it is to-day, it is just as well to be reminded that a mind as fine as Thomas Jefferson's reached quite different conclusions from those arrived at by Machiavelli, Mussolini, and Mencken.

The Oxford Book of English Prose. Chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1925. $3.75.

FOR twenty-five years, *The Oxford Book of English Verse* has been to other anthologies of poetry what Baedeker has always been to travel-books and Webster to dictionaries. Now, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its publication, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who was responsible for it, has brought out a companion volume of English prose. He protests, in a preface, that the second task was infinitely the more difficult, and it is easy to believe him, if only on the ground that a prose anthology must be made up of 'bits,' whereas a verse anthology may be made up of complete pieces. But this is the only serious limitation that can have operated on the making of this book. Beginning with Chaucer's contemporary, John de Trevisa, and ending with Rupert Brooke, it sweeps the field of English prose with a fine binocular gesture, bringing into our range of vision the smooth lowlands of Addison and Adam Smith and H. G. Wells as sharply as the rockier elevations of Donne and Johnson and Emily Brontë — to take representatively incongruous names. On the whole, a skillfully managed and — somehow — an exciting book.

The State of England, by a Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. $1.75.

THIS Gentleman bases his gloomy prophecy of England's imminent collapse on the mental futility and social licentiousness which he sees all about him. How it happens that the United States, which exhibits many of the same phenomena, is abnormally prosperous does not seem to worry him. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the author does not understand basic economics and is peculiarly unfortunate in his circle of acquaintances. That England's economic policy has been and still is to a certain degree vacillating, and that her social structure is very vulnerable, cannot be denied; but this diagnosis is worse than imperfect.

The American's London, by Thomas Hunt Martin. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell, 1925.

AN informing and chatty little book that hosts of American tourists in England will enjoy. Mr. Martin has combed the history books to find the incidents and personalities who have a joint connection with England and America, and his material is arranged to provide a commentary on most of the buildings, monuments, or what not, that the visitor may see. He is rarely dull, and often entertaining, and has rescued from obscurity many a thing of which even Londoners born are ignorant.

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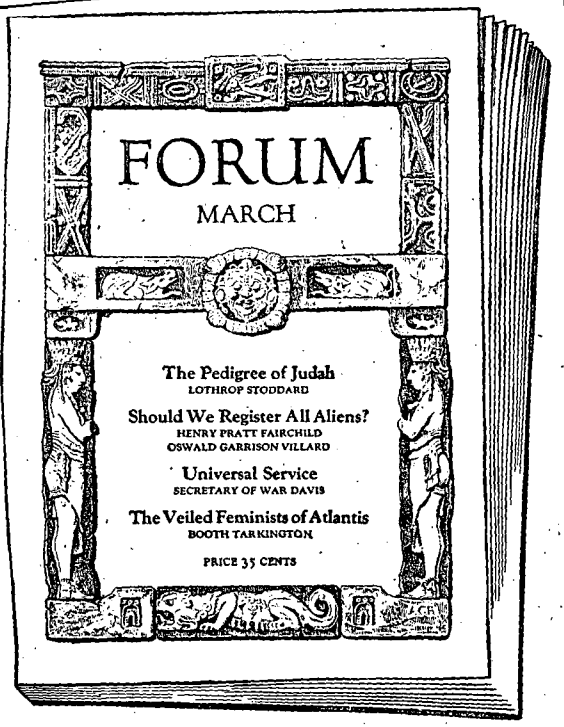

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